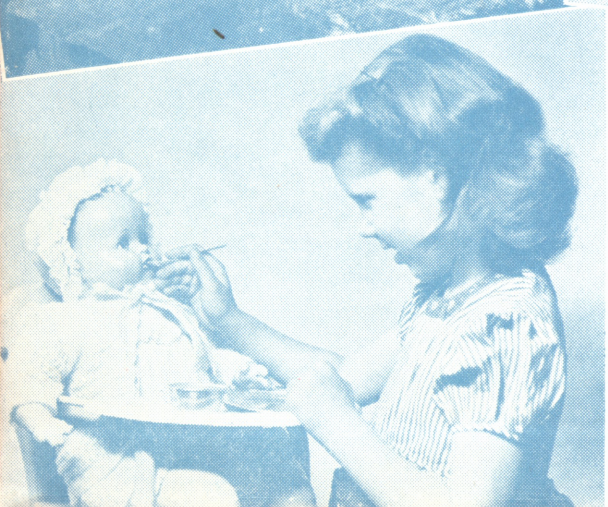
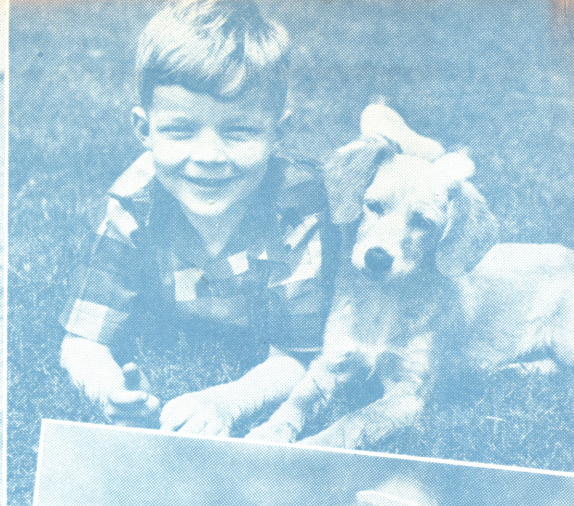


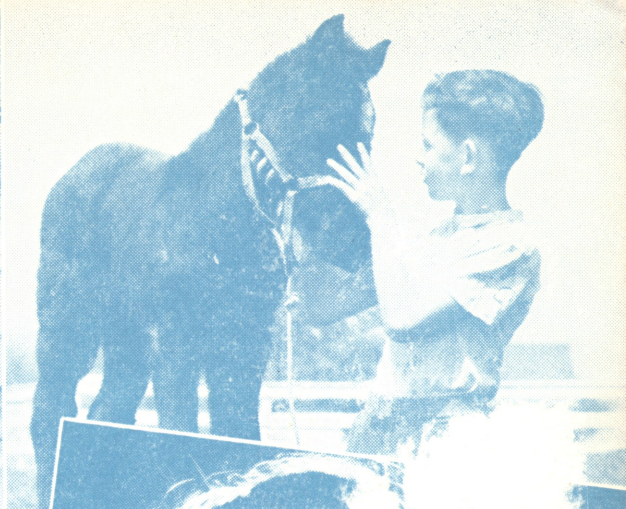
# FUN AND HEALTH

















# FUN AND HEALTH



PICTURE ON OPPOSITE PAGE—NOTHMAN FROM MONKMEYER



Lovingly Presented

to \_\_\_\_\_

from \_\_\_\_\_





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# FUN AND HEALTH

By

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Allen picked up the stick and threw it across the yard.

"Go, get it, Pal," he said.

"Higher! still higher!" called Betty to Allen  
as they were having fun in the swing.

COLOR PHOTO BY R. M. ELDRIDGE







ONE

## Betty and Allen Meet the New Boy

*A* LLEN was pushing Betty higher and higher in the swing.

"Still higher," she laughed. "Push me higher!"

Her brother gave the swing a hard push; and Betty, holding tightly to the ropes, almost flew through the air. As she swung, her hair blew backward, and the long curls shone gold in the sunshine.

"Oh, it's fun!" she called. "It's like being up in an airplane. I can see everywhere!"

Allen gave the swing another big push, and this time Betty went even higher. Then she called in a loud whisper, "Stop me, Allen. Quick, stop!"

He caught the ropes and held them tightly. Betty jumped from the swing and pointed to the Taylors' house next door. She whispered, "There's a boy over there. I saw him just now in the back yard."

"Who is he?" Allen spoke in a low voice. "What did he look like?"

Betty answered, "He is smaller than we are. He has red hair. Let's run in and ask Mother if she knows anything about him."



Mother did not know. She had not talked with Mrs. Taylor for several days, and the last time she was over there, Mrs. Taylor had not said anything about anyone coming to visit.

The children went back into the yard. "Let me go up in the swing," said Allen. "I want to look over the hedge the way you did." He stood up in the swing, and in a minute he was swinging higher and higher. Then he slowed down and said to his sister, "I saw him, too. He is a new boy all right. He's just sitting there on a box in their back yard."

Betty said, "Let's go back by the gate. Maybe he will come and talk to us."

Allen gave a short whistle as he and Betty started, and a large collie dog came running to him. The dog followed them. At the back gate Allen stopped and pulled a weed. He kept looking through the fence at the young boy in the other yard. He saw the boy look up. Allen waved to him.

The boy gave a quick wave and then came slowly toward the gate. "That's a fine dog," he said with a slow grin. "Your dog?"

"Yes, he's my dog," Allen said.

"What's his name?" the boy asked.

Betty spoke up, "His name is Pal."

"Nice name," the boy said. "Will he bite?" He made a move to put his hand through the fence to pet the dog.

"No, he won't bite. Come on through the gate if you want to," said Allen as he opened it.

The boy stepped through. He reached over and patted the dog's head, and a smile came over his face.

Betty inquired, "Are you staying with the Taylors?"

The boy nodded.

"Is Mrs. Taylor your aunt?" Betty asked.

The boy did not answer, but hung his head.

Quickly Allen said, "Want to see the dog do some tricks?" Pointing to the garage, Allen spoke to the dog, "Pal, go and bring the stick."

The collie lifted his ears and trotted off to the garage.

The boy watched every move the dog made.

In a moment the dog was back with a stick in his mouth. He dropped the stick at Allen's feet, then jumped back. The dog's eyes were full of excitement as he waited for Allen to throw the stick.

Allen picked up the stick and threw it across the yard. "Go, get it," he said.

At once the dog dashed across the yard, took the stick in his mouth, and came back. He dropped the stick again at Allen's feet.

"Good dog," said Allen.

The boy was smiling with bright eyes as he watched the collie go through his tricks. Allen had the dog jump over the stick as he held it, and next he had the dog jump through his arms.

"He's a smart dog," the boy said. "Did you train him?"

"Yes, Mother and I together," Allen answered.

Betty asked, "Do you have a dog?"

The boy shook his head.

Betty said, "I guess one can't very well keep a dog in a city. But here in this small town and with a big yard like ours, there is plenty of room."

The boy did not say anything.



"I'll have him do some more tricks," said Allen. He held up a finger toward the dog. "Speak, Pal," he said.

The dog barked.

"Stand up."

The collie stood up on his hind feet, his front paws bent down.

"Roll over."

The dog lay down and rolled over quickly. Then he sat down, but kept watching Allen.

"Shake hands."

The dog sat up and held out one paw. Allen shook his paw and patted the dog's head.

As the boy watched the dog, he seemed happy; and yet his face was sad—as if he wished he had a dog of his own.

Betty's mother called from the porch, "Could you children come and help me for a few minutes?"

"We'll be right there," answered Allen. Turning to the boy, he said, "Come over again sometime. My name is Allen, my sister is Betty. What's your name?"

"Dick," the boy answered. He reached over and patted Pal, then slipped his arm around the dog's neck and laid his head down on Pal's shoulder. Then he quickly turned and went back through the gate.

"Mother," said Allen as he and Betty went inside to help with some house cleaning, "I feel sorry for the new boy next door. I don't think he has ever had a dog. You should have seen how much he liked Pal."

"What did you find out about him?" Mother asked.

"Not a thing, not *one thing!* only that his name is Dick," Betty said. "I asked him several questions, too;

but he wouldn't tell us how long he is going to stay with the Taylors or where he lives."

"I am glad you were nice to him," Mother said. "Maybe the boy is lonely. The Taylors don't have any children, and he might be used to playing with other children."

Betty laughed and added, "I even tried to find out if he lived in the country or in the city, but he didn't tell us a thing."

The children were helping Mother take down and dust curtains, but they did not talk about house cleaning. They talked about the new boy.

"I suppose you will invite him to join your Club?" Mother asked.

Betty looked at Allen.

Allen looked back at Betty.

Both the children looked at Mother.

Allen answered slowly, "Well, I guess we had not thought about it yet."

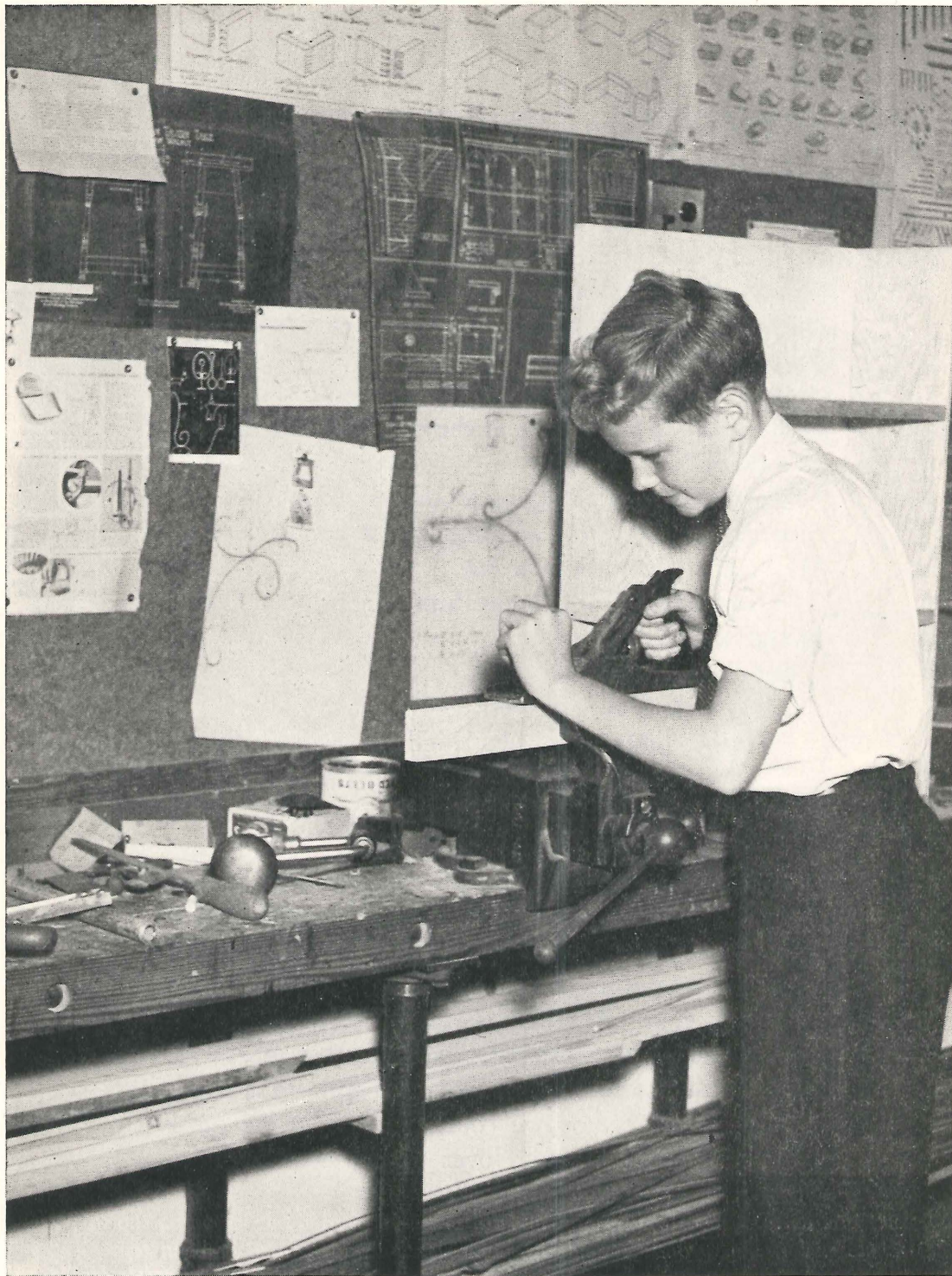
"I think we should wait," Betty said.

Mother went on with her dusting. She then said, "I was thinking of how he might feel on Thursday when he sees the children meeting in your yard. He would know he was not invited."

"That's right," Allen said. "He does seem to be a fine boy, and there is something about him that makes me think he has not been very happy. His eyes are sad."

Betty said, "Maybe we could find out some more about him. Let's ask him over to see our house tomorrow."





H. M. LAMBERT

In one corner of the hobby house was a well-equipped tool bench. Allen and Dick planned for many happy hours working with hammer, saw, plane, and chisel.

## TWO

# An Invitation for Dick

THE next morning Allen telephoned Mrs. Taylor and asked if Dick might come over to see their hobby house.

"Oh, yes," she answered over the phone. "I am so glad you children are friendly with Dick. He told us about meeting Pal and watching him do tricks. He must love dogs, but I don't think he has ever had one of his own."

"We will be glad to have him come over," Allen said.

"Well, that is very kind of you," Mrs. Taylor went on. "I want him to meet and know you and the other neighbor children while he is with us for a time this summer. It will mean a lot to him to make friends here. I will tell him you called."

Allen had just hung up the telephone when Betty began, "What did she say? I mean—did you learn any more about him?"

"Not much. She said he would be with them for a time this summer."

Mother said, "I'll go over and visit Mrs. Taylor, and she may tell me about him."



The children went on out to their hobby house that was under the big shade tree in the back yard. Pal followed them. Soon they heard a rap at the door. Pal gave a low growl.

"Quiet, Pal," Allen said as he opened the door for Dick.

"Come in," Allen invited.

Pal wagged his tail in friendly greeting and came up to Dick. The boy patted the dog with both hands. Then he bent down on one knee and kept patting and patting the dog.

"Want to see my tools?" asked Allen.

The boy turned to follow him. "You have an interesting place here. Did you make all these things?" He pointed to a row of model airplanes and to some book-ends and flower markers.

"Yes. I'll have more time to work in the shop this summer. Maybe you would like to come over and make some things, too."

"Yes, I would," Dick replied.

Betty called from behind the curtain at the other end of the long room, "This is the girls' hobby room. Come and see it."

Allen took Dick to the room. It was like a girl's room with curtains at the windows, pictures on the walls, and several rugs on the floor. There were shelves with dishes and even a small bed with a row of dolls sitting on it.

"A nice place," the boy said. "Did you make the dresses?" he asked as he nodded toward the dolls.

"The girls and I did. On our Club days the girls come here to sew while the boys work in the other room."

Dick opened his mouth to ask a question, but never asked it.

Betty's face turned red; for she just remembered that Dick did not know about the Club, and she had not wanted to say anything about it. But now it was too late. She said in a quiet way, "It's a club we children have. You tell him about it," she said as she turned to her brother.

Allen began, "We call it the *Wings of Health Club*. We have a meeting every week."

"Is that what the big picture is about?" asked Dick, "the one of the blue wings? Oh, yes," he said as he walked closer, "I see it now. It says *Wings of Health* under the picture. That must be fun."

"Did you ever belong to a club?" Betty asked.

"No," the boy answered quietly.

"We have a lot of fun," Allen said. "And we learn things, too. We are going to have a Club meeting tomorrow afternoon. Come on over and see what we do."

The boy gave a big smile, and even his eyes were smiling, too.

"What is that pin you are wearing?" Dick asked.

"Oh, this?" Allen looked down on his shirt. "It's our Club pin."

"A nice one," Dick said.

"You can have one, too, if you want to join our Club," Allen said as he took the pin off for Dick to see. "Even if you will not be here long, you could join."

Dick said, "Tell me more about the Club."

Allen sat down on a box by his workbench in the hobby house. "It is a Health Club, as I said, and not just



a club that we children have made up. It is a world-wide club. Of course, we have our own meetings here for ourselves once a week, but we all belong to the *World Wings of Health Club*."

"What do you mean by World Club?" asked Dick.

"You see, children from all parts of the world belong to our Club. They live in places you read about in your books at school."

"It must be a large club," said Dick.

"Oh, yes, it is! Over sixteen thousand members!"

"Sixteen thousand!" said Dick.

"Yes, and more are joining all the time," Allen told him. "In fact, there must be more than sixteen thousand members by now; that was the last number Aunt Madge sent us."

"Is she your aunt?" asked Dick.

"No, not our really-truly aunt. She is the one who started the Club. She writes about the Club and what other Clubs are doing. She sends us our pins and books and other things."

"How can I join?" he wanted to know.

"We will send your name to Aunt Madge and tell her you want to be a member. I'll write your name on a post card right now if you want me to."

Dick nodded. "Please," he said.

Allen began writing. "Dick what?" he asked.

"Alder," the boy gave his last name.

"I'll write your present address, in care of the Taylors," Allen said. "But it might be well to put down your other address, too."

"No, that will be enough."

Then Allen said, "Aunt Madge likes to know something about you, what you like to do, if you live in a city or in the country, and . . ."

"Just my name; that is enough," Dick said.

Allen spoke quickly, "I'll drop the card in the mailbox." He knew the boy did not want to talk about himself. "Come over at three tomorrow afternoon for the Club meeting. We will put you in as a new member then."

Dick turned to leave, but Allen called, "Oh, just a minute. Maybe you would like a copy of the Club rules." He gave the boy a card.

"Thank you," Dick said.

When Allen came into the house, Betty asked, "Do you know any more about Dick?"

"No, he won't tell where he lived before he came here."

Mother was coming into the room, and she heard the children. "I can tell you all about it," she said. "I was talking with Mrs. Taylor today."

"Oh, tell us!" the children asked.

"You must both make me a promise first," Mother said slowly.

"Why?" asked Betty.

"Mrs. Taylor wants you children to know; but she asked that you do not say anything to Dick, not ever! not unless he says something."

"Do tell us."

"You see, Dick doesn't want to talk about his past, and Mrs. Taylor does not want the neighbor children to say anything about it to him."



Betty and Allen said, "We promise, Mother. We will never, never say anything to him about it."

The children were listening with deep interest.

"Well," Mother began slowly, "once Dick had a happy home, a father and a mother who loved him as much as any father or mother could love a child. Dick was very happy. Then, when he was six years old, his father and mother went on a business trip to another city and left Dick with some neighbors. But his father and mother never came back. They were killed when a train hit the car his father was driving."

"Oh!" the children sobbed.

Tears came to Betty's eyes. "Poor Dick," she said.

"Where did he go to live? with an aunt or uncle?" asked Allen.

"He did not have an aunt or uncle. He stayed with neighbors for a time, but none of them could keep him; and then he was sent to an orphans' home."

Betty asked sadly, "An orphans' home?"

"Of course the people at the home were kind and good to him, yet it wasn't like having a home of his own. He didn't have anyone to belong to—nobody to love him like a father or a mother or a brother or a sister," Mother said as she looked at the two children.

They knew what she was thinking. Allen said, "We'll be kind to him, Mother. Now I know why his eyes are sad."

"Are the Taylors going to keep him now?" Betty wanted to know.

"Only for part of the summer," Mother answered. "Mrs. Taylor was visiting her sister in the city last week,

and her sister told her about going to the orphans' home and seeing this boy. Her sister does some health work in the city; and every time she went to the orphans' home, Dick would come and stand close to her as if he wanted someone to love him.

"So her sister told Mrs. Taylor that it would be pleasant for the boy to spend part of the summer with them in their small town and in a real home."

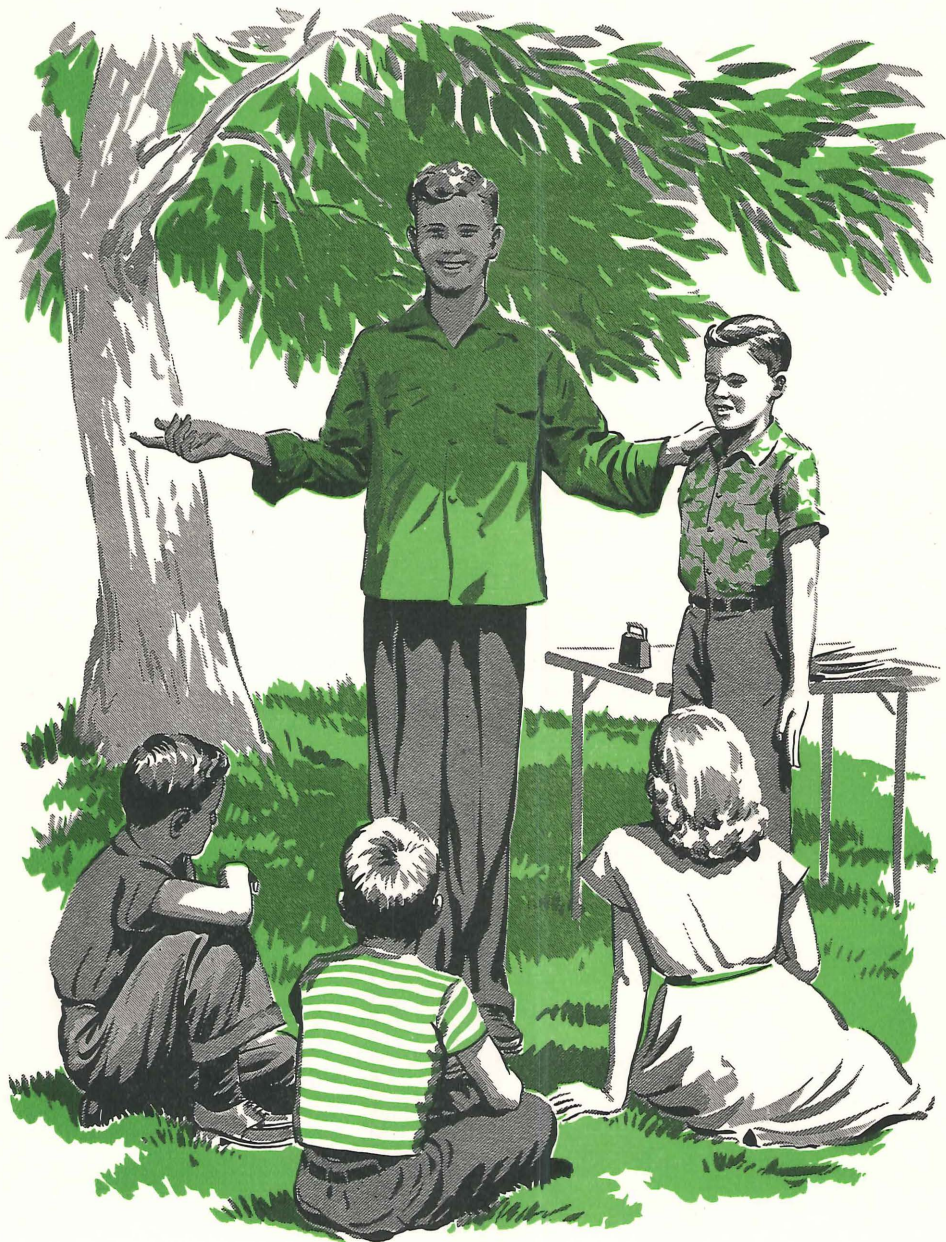
Betty said quickly, "I hope he can stay all summer."

"Oh, but it will be hard when he has to go back," Allen said. "Wouldn't it be wonderful if he didn't have to go back at all?"

Mother's eyes were filling with tears. She spoke quietly, "It was kind of the Taylors to invite him here, and I am glad you children are taking him into your Club."

"Yes, he will join our Club tomorrow," said Allen.





Allen said, "I am happy to present to you our new member, Dick Alder."

### THREE

## A New Member

THE Club members were sitting under the big shade tree in Allen's back yard. Each one was telling about his plans for the summer. Then Allen stood by the table and said, "Time to call the meeting to order!" The talking stopped, and everyone was ready to listen.

"Our Club song first," he said.

The children all stood and sang a song that was written to the tune of "Jingle Bells." The music of the children's voices went high up to the top of a tree, where a robin tried to join in with a song of his own.

Betty read from her book about the last meeting.

"Today we have a surprise," Allen was saying. "We are to take a new member into our Club. Will you please step forward?" he nodded to Dick.

The boy came to the side of the table and stood there as straight as he could.

"Do you, Dick Alder, wish to join our *Wings of Health Club*?"

"Yes, I do."

"Have you read the rules of the Club?" Allen asked.



"Yes, I have, every one of them," Dick replied quickly.

Turning to Betty, Allen said, "Will you please read the rules now?"

Betty stood and read these rules:

1. Take a bath twice a week or more often, and always wash hands before eating.
2. Brush teeth twice a day.
3. Drink at least six glasses of water every day.
4. Work and play in the fresh air.
5. Sleep nine or ten hours, with windows open.
6. Drink milk each day.
7. Eat fruit and vegetables each day.
8. Do not eat between meals.
9. Walk, sit, and stand straight.
10. Be cheerful and kind.
11. Do not drink or smoke.
12. Take good care of the mind.

Allen spoke very slowly as he stood facing the new member. "Do you promise that you will keep these rules the very best that you can?"

"I do!" said Dick.

Allen said, "You are now a member of the *Wings of Health Club*. We are happy to have you as one of the members, and we know you will do your best to keep the rules of our Club. I now put this Club pin on you. You may be proud to wear it; for you are now a member of a world-wide Club—a Club whose members are working to be strong and healthy, and to be kind and cheerful."

Allen asked Dick to turn and face the children. "Mem-

bers of the *Wings of Health Club*, I am happy to present to you our new member, Dick Alder."

The children clapped loudly.

"You may sit down," Allen spoke to Dick. Then to the Club, he said, "It is time to mark our health cards and show how well we have been keeping the rules."

While Betty passed the cards and each member was marking his own card, Allen looked over at Dick. He saw a smile on the boy's face, and Allen knew that Dick was happy to be there. It made Allen happy, too, just to see the happy look that was in Dick's eyes. Allen thought to himself, "I want to do everything I can to make his summer here a happy one."

Betty took the cards when the children had all finished marking them. She said, "When I mark my card each week, it helps me to remember to keep the rules of the Club."

Allen spoke to the Club, "Now, members, you will want to know about some of our Club plans for the summer. We will have our meetings, of course, but there are to be other treats. There may be a picnic and . . ."

The children shouted, "Oh, good!"

"Sometime this summer Aunt Madge is coming to visit us. We will be happy to have her come and talk to our Club and tell us stories."

"Yes, yes!" the children cried.

"But the next thing we should plan for," Allen went on, "is a pet show. We are to bring our pets to a show at the schoolhouse two weeks from today."

"Oh, we like pet shows," the children shouted.



"There will be a grand prize for the very best pet of all and other prizes for the different kinds of pets. You should all be getting your pets ready soon."

Jimmy spoke up, "I want to bring my white rabbit."

Mary called out, "I'll bring my little chickens and . . ."

Right away the children began talking about their pets. Each one wanted to tell what kind of pet he would bring. There was a mix-up of "kittens," "turtles," "goats," and "dogs"; and no one could tell what the others were saying.

"Just a minute, please," Allen spoke above their voices. "We can't all talk at once."

Soon everyone was quiet.

Allen said, "We will have Betty read each name from the membership list. You may tell what kind of pet you plan to bring, and she will make the record."

Betty read each child's name and wrote down his pet as he told her. She soon had a long list. "I guess that is all," she said.

"No, you forgot our new member," one of the children called out.

"Oh, I am sorry," Betty said. "I will write your name right now on our list. Dick, what kind of pet will you bring?"

Dick's face turned red. He looked down at the ground and then started to speak, "I—I don't know."

Allen was quick to see something was wrong. He said, "Well, he can tell us later." Turning to the Club, he announced, "Meeting is over for today."

#### FOUR

## Pal Goes to the Pet Show

THE rest of the afternoon Allen had a queer feeling away down inside. He could not forget the sad look that came on Dick's face when Betty asked him what pet he would bring to the pet show.

"Of course he doesn't have a pet," Allen thought as he sat on the lawn. "The Taylors don't have any that he could bring. Poor Dick, I feel sorry for him."

Just then the collie came running up to Allen. The dog put his damp nose on Allen's hand. Allen said as he patted the dog's head, "I know you will take the prize, you are such a beautiful dog!"

Pal turned his head to one side and looked up with knowing eyes. Allen put his hands on the dog's head and began patting him. Then, all at once he stopped and looked far away. He talked to the dog, "Yes, that's it, Pal. That's what we will do! What do you say?"

The dog gave a short bark and licked Allen's hand to let him know that whatever he wanted to do would be all right.

Allen walked toward the back gate. He snapped his



fingers, and Pal trotted beside him. He whistled for Dick. The boy came out of his back door and met Allen.

"I was just thinking about the pet show," Allen began. "I will be busy getting my white chickens ready."

Dick was rubbing the dog's ears while he listened.

Allen went on, "So I was wondering if you could help out with Pal. I mean—would you get Pal ready for the pet show? He could go as your pet."

"Well—well—" Dick said with surprise. "Oh, sure, I'd be glad to. Only I don't know what to do."

"Mother could tell you," Allen said. "Come over here any time you want to. You can give Pal a bath, and brush and comb him."

During the next days Dick went about his new work as if he were a nurse and Pal were a sick child. He listened as Allen and his mother told him how to care for the dog.

On bath day for Pal, Dick filled a tub with warm water, put the dog in it, and then rubbed the soap carefully all through his long coat of hair. Next, he rinsed the soap all out and dried him. Last of all, he brushed and combed the dog.

Every day Dick came over to Allen's house and brushed the dog's hair. Soon Pal's coat was shining like silk.

Allen's mother said, "Don't forget his eyes and ears; they need to be kept clean, too. We may even need to trim his nails."

At the next Club meeting the members were in a hurry to tell what they had been doing to get their pets ready for the show. They all wanted to talk at once.

"I'm brushing and combing my dog every day."

"I've used a lot of soap on my dog."

"My cat's ears and eyes are clean."

"I've trimmed my dog's nails."

Allen began to talk, and the children listened. "You know, Club members, I have been thinking about how carefully you are grooming your pets. It makes me think that we members should not forget to groom ourselves."

"That's right," a boy spoke up. "We should get ourselves ready, too. It would look strange for a Health Club to have its pets all nice and clean and for its members not to be that way themselves."

All the children wanted to talk at once:

"We should brush and comb our hair every day."

"We should keep our fingernails trimmed and clean."

"Keep our faces clean."

Then another member gave a rule, "Take a bath at least twice a week."

"Always clean our hands when they need it."

Betty said, "I could write those all down on a big piece of paper and hang it up here in our clubroom."

Allen said he thought it would be best to write them like questions.

This is what Betty wrote:

#### AM I READY FOR TODAY?

Is my face clean?

Is my neck clean?

Are my ears clean?

Is my hair combed?

Did I brush my teeth?

Are my nails clean?

Are my clothes neat?

Are my shoes shined?

*Look and see!*



Dick led Pal to the judge's table. The judge gave Dick the blue ribbon.



One girl said, "I am going to write those on a card and put the card on the wall in my bedroom so I can look at it every day."

Some others said, "We will do that, too."

Allen smiled. "If we follow these rules for ourselves, I think the judges may wish to give prizes to us as well as to our pets."

At last came the day of the pet show. The schoolhouse and the schoolyard were very noisy places. Dogs were barking, cats were mewling, roosters were crowing, pet birds were making queer noises—and—oh, there were all kinds of animal sounds.

There were all kinds of animal colors, too. There were white rabbits and orange goldfish. There were green birds in cages, and yellow birds, and gray pigeons. There were yellow cats and white cats, spotted dogs and brown dogs. There were red hens and white hens, some white mice, and even a black goat—and—oh, there were ever so many kinds of pets.

Allen looked at Dick and thought, "I do hope Pal wins the prize. That would make Dick so happy."

At last the judges were finished with the other prizes and were ready to give the grand prize to the best pet of all.

The judge spoke, "Club members and friends, we are happy to present a prize to the best-groomed pet here. This prize ribbon is to be given to the child who has kept his pet clean and well groomed."

Allen could see how excited Dick was.

The judge said, "We are glad to see that you each took good care of your pets. But there is one pet that is

better groomed than all the others. Who brought the collie, Pal, to the show?"

Dick stepped up. "I did, Sir."

"Please bring him up here."

Dick led Pal to the judge's table. How beautiful Pal looked as he stood by the judge! He held his head so carefully as if he knew all the people were watching him.

The judge held a large blue ribbon in his hand. He spoke, "I am glad to present this grand prize to the best-cared-for and the best-groomed pet of the show. This prize is for Pal, a beautiful collie brought by Dick Alder."

The judge gave Dick the blue ribbon.

Dick bowed and tried to say, "Thank you," but there was such loud clapping from the people that no one heard him.

Allen ran over to Dick and gave him a pat on the shoulder. "Good for you! We are glad."

"And thank you for letting me take your dog to the pet show," he whispered to Allen. Dick's eyes were bright because he was so happy.

"Well, thank *you* for taking such good care of Pal. It was your good grooming that made him win."

The Club members learned  
more about fire prevention.

COLOR PHOTO BY R. M. ELDRIDGE







## Pal Saves the Hobby House

ONE afternoon the boys and girls of the Club had come an hour early to the meeting. They were out on the front lawn at Allen's house playing catch. They were throwing the ball to one another, and they had not gone into the back yard to the hobby house.

Suddenly Pal began barking very loudly. "That silly dog," said Allen as the children stopped their playing and looked up. "I suppose Pal sees a neighbor's cat in the back yard."

The children went on with their game.

The loud barking kept on. Dick stopped and said, "I think Pal is trying to call us."

"Oh, let's go on with our game," said Allen.

Just then Pal dashed around the corner and went to Allen and pulled his sleeve. Then he turned and ran to the back yard again.

"He does want something," Allen shouted quickly. He ran to the back yard, and all the Club members went running after him.

As the children came around the corner of the house,

they saw smoke rising up by their hobby house. "Fire! fire!" they cried.

The girls cried, "What shall we do?"

"Come and help us put it out," called the boys, who ran to the clubhouse. "Someone telephone to the firehouse."

Betty ran to the house to telephone.

The others ran to the hobby house. They could see the smoke coming up behind the house. One boy reached for the garden hose, another took a hoe, another found a rake, and another picked up the spade. The boys ran to help. When they got to the hobby house, they cried, "Oh, it isn't our house!"

Allen said, "Our neighbor has a fire in his back yard. It is making a big smoke. Go and tell Betty not to telephone to the firehouse." One of the girls ran to tell her.

Pal kept on barking. Allen went over to Pal and said, "What's the matter, Pal?"

The dog ran to the other corner of the house. Dick followed the dog. "Come quick!" he called. "There is a fire!"

The other boys ran to Allen. They saw little flames licking up the dry grass that was by the hobby house. "Bring the garden hose," Allen called loudly. But the hose wasn't long enough. "The spade," called Allen, "and be quick."

The boy who had the spade ran to the grass that was burning. He quickly took up some dry dirt and threw it onto the flames. Again and again he threw dirt with his spade. The flames began to die down. The boys with the hoe and rake came. In a few minutes all the fire was out.



The neighbor came to the fence and said, "I am sorry, boys, that I did not put a wire net around the trash before I made the fire. The wind must have carried a piece of burning paper into your yard."

The man put his hand on his head. "It was a close call," he said. He stood there looking down at the dry grass between his fence and the children's hobby house.

Allen saw him looking and knew what he was thinking about. "That dry grass isn't very safe, is it?"

"No, it is not!" the man answered.

"Come on, boys, let's get to work on this grass. May we use some of your garden tools, Mr. Smith? We don't have enough over here for all the boys to use."

"Yes, you may," the man answered.

It was surprising how quickly the dry grass was cut down and raked up and carried to Allen's trash can. Soon Betty and the other girls were busy helping the boys.

As soon as the grass was all cleared away, Allen said, "Time for our meeting now."

The children sat down quietly on the lawn near the hobby house. Allen said, "I think we have learned a good lesson today. Fire is dangerous. We should have cut that grass by our house a long time ago. Just think, our Club house might have burned down today. But Pal barked and that saved our house."

"Three cheers for Pal," called out Dick; and all the children clapped for Pal.

Allen said, "I think we should spend our Club time this afternoon reading in our health books about fire prevention."

"Yes, let's do," the children said.

Each one took a book from the shelf of the hobby house and turned the pages to find something about fire prevention. Dick spoke up, "What about first aid in case of burns? Should we read about that?"

Allen said, "Why, of course."

Betty said, "There is so much to read in these books. Can't we wait until tomorrow and then tell what we have read?"

"Why don't you girls read about first aid and have a talk ready for us tomorrow," Allen said. "We boys will read about fire prevention and get a talk ready for you."

"Yes, let's do," the girls agreed.

The girls took their books and ran into the front yard to talk things over. "Let's have a surprise on the boys," they said.

And out in the back yard the boys were planning a surprise for the girls. Jimmy said, "Oh, I wish we had someone to come and talk to us about fire prevention."

"We could ask a fireman to talk to us," Allen said.

"Yes, let's do. That would give the girls a big surprise," the boys agreed.

## Two Surprises

YOU girls go into the house and don't look out the windows," Allen and the other boys said to the girls the next afternoon at Club meeting time. "We'll call you in a few minutes."

The girls smiled. They whispered to one another, "The boys don't know we have a surprise for them, too."

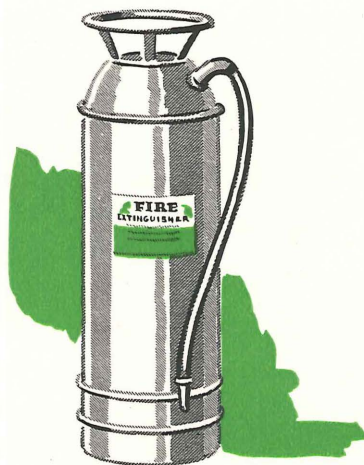
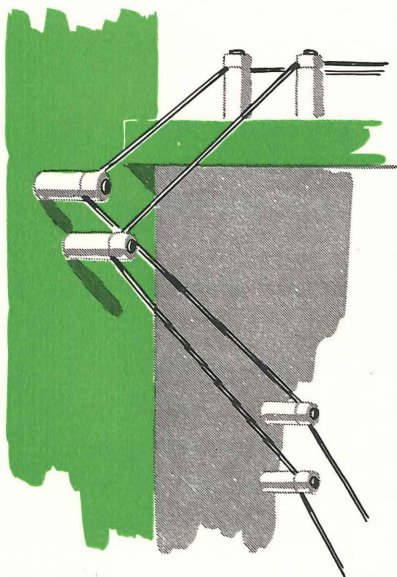
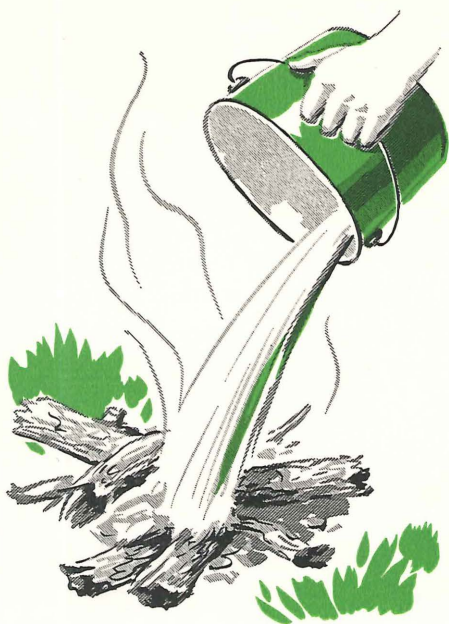
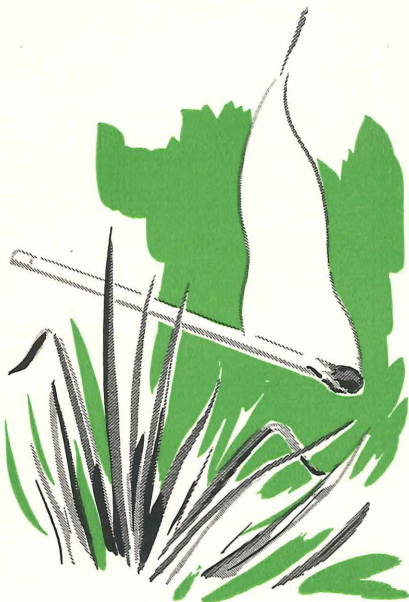
Soon Jimmy rapped on the door. "You girls may come out to the meeting now," he said.

When all were sitting down under the big tree, Allen said, "We have a surprise for you today. We have someone to talk to us." He stepped over to the door of the hobby house and opened it.

"Fireman Bolton," Allen said, "may I present you to our Club."

The girls saw a tall man in a blue suit walk out and smile. "I am happy to come and talk to you about ways to help prevent fires," he said. "Fires often cost money. They burn down our trees that we could use to build houses. They burn our homes and sometimes our cities. They sometimes take the lives of people. Fires are dangerous. Here are some rules to remember:





Good advice for fire prevention: Guard that match. Wet those ashes.  
Check those wires. Fill those extinguishers.

## GUARD THAT MATCH

1. A big fire often starts from a *little match*. Keep matches in tight tin cans, so that mice can't chew them and start a fire. Don't let children carry or *play* with matches. Before lighting a match, close the matchbox. Never throw away a burning match; always put it out first.

## WATCH THAT TRASH

2. Sometimes fires start in piles of old rags. Keep trash cleaned out of attics, cellars, garages, and cupboards. Dry grass about a house can be dangerous, too. Keep it cleared away.

## WET THOSE ASHES

3. Ashes may start fires. When camping out, always pour water on the ashes before leaving the campfire. Pour water on the ashes, then rake them and pour on more water. Make sure the ashes are dead. In your homes when you take ashes from your fireplaces or stoves, never put them into a paper or wooden box. This may start a fire.

## CHECK THOSE WIRES

4. Electric wires should be checked. A short may start a fire. Check lamp wires, the electric iron, the electric sweeper, and all electric wires.

## KEEP THOSE EXTINGUISHERS

5. Keep those fire extinguishers in a proper place, and keep enough of them. It is well to have one in the

garage, one in the cellar, one in the attic, and one in the kitchen. If you have an upstairs, keep one there, also.

The fireman said, "And now, Club members, can you name for me the five rules for fire prevention?"

The children all called out, "Guard That Match, Watch That Trash, Wet Those Ashes, Check Those Wires, and Keep Those Extinguishers."

"Very well," the fireman said. "If more boys and girls were interested in fire prevention, there would be few fires. I am glad for the good work you are doing."

The fireman added, "Just one more thing to remember: if a fire should start, KEEP A COOL HEAD."

The children laughed. "How can we keep a cool head if the fire is hot?" they asked.

The fireman smiled, "I mean that you should keep cool by thinking straight. Don't lose your head and do some silly thing. If you see a fire, *run* to a telephone. Don't lose time looking up the number of the firehouse, just ask for the firehouse. Tell the fireman who answers where the fire is, and give him the name of the street and the number of the house."

The children listened carefully.

Mr. Bolton, the fireman, went on talking, "Here are some things you may do before the firemen get to the fire. Close windows and doors in the house, because fire burns more slowly if the wind is cut off. But, of course, if there isn't time to do this, just *run* out of the house. If you are in a schoolhouse, or in any house where there are many people, *keep a cool head*, march out in order, and don't push.



"If you are upstairs in a house and you can't go down the stairs, use the fire escape. If there should be no fire escape, go to the window and wait for the firemen to bring a ladder. If the room is filled with smoke, get down and crawl. There is less smoke near the floor. If you have time, wrap a wet towel around your face and head. But whatever you do, when at a fire always KEEP A COOL HEAD."

The children clapped to show how much they liked what Fireman Bolton had said. The fireman then sat down to listen to the rest of the program.

Betty stood and said, "Now it is time for the surprise from the girls." She nodded toward June, who ran to the house and opened the back door.

"Oh," said the boys as they looked up and saw a nurse in her white dress and cap.

Betty said, "I am happy to present to you Miss Beeler, our school nurse, who will talk to us about first aid for burns."

Miss Beeler smiled and began, "I was listening from the back porch, and I heard Fireman Bolton tell you when to *run* at a fire. He said to run to a telephone and call the firehouse. But as a nurse I am going to tell you when *not to run* at a fire."

The children smiled. Nurse Beeler said, "*Never run* if your clothes are on fire. Sometimes children get too close to open fireplaces or stoves and then their clothes get on fire. And if your clothes should ever be on fire, you should remember to *keep a cool head*, as Fireman Bolton just told us. Here are the rules every one should always remember:

## IF YOUR CLOTHING IS ON FIRE

1. *Never run.*
2. Lie down and wrap yourself in a rug, a coat, a blanket, or any kind of heavy cloth you can reach.
3. Roll slowly and try to beat out the flames.
4. Try not to breathe the flames.

"Girls need to be very careful in the kitchen," Miss Beeler told them. "It is so easy to get a burn while working there. Sometimes we let the dishwater get too hot. Sometimes we are not careful in lifting the top from a hot kettle, in taking a hot dish from the oven, or in picking up a hot iron.

"If a person is burned deeply or if he has a large burn, a doctor should be called.

"When the burn is small, then it is well to put some salve on. Or, if a person does not have any salve, he can use butter or any oil that is like butter. The doctors tell us that a piece of ice held against the burned place is one of the best things to do. The ice takes the sting and hurt away."

The children clapped and said, "Thank you, Miss Beeler, come again. And thank you, Fireman Bolton."

All during the meeting that afternoon, Dick had been sitting with his arm around Pal's neck, and Pal had laid his head on Dick's lap.

Dick said, "I think we should all thank Pal for telling us about the fire."

The children called out, "Thank you, Pal." Miss Beeler and Fireman Bolton patted the dog as they turned to leave.

## Betty and Allen Help Dick

THE telephone rang very early one morning. Mrs. Taylor said to Allen's mother, "My mother is sick, and she wants us to come there at once. Could Dick stay with you for a day or two until we get back?"

Allen's mother said she would be glad to keep Dick.

In a few minutes, a car drew up to the house next door, and Mr. and Mrs. Taylor left. Betty and Allen went to the back gate and called, "Dick, come on over and play."

He answered from the back porch, "I can't come just now. I told Mrs. Taylor I would clean the house. She didn't have time before she left."

"We'll come over and help you as soon as we tell Mother."

Betty and Allen found him in the kitchen wearing one of Mrs. Taylor's aprons. Right away Betty said, "Here, that apron would fit me better. Let me wash the dishes."

"I could sweep the floor," Allen said.

Dick said, "I don't know very much about keeping





Betty said, "Let me wash the dishes for you, Dick."

house, but I wanted to help Mrs. Taylor because she had to go at once. I'm glad you came over to show me what to do."

Betty found the dishpan and filled it with hot water. "You know, Dick," she said, "dishes must be washed properly. See, I am putting enough soap in the dish-water. This is the way Mother showed me how to do the dishes. First, I wash the glasses, then the silver, next the dishes, and last the pots and pans. I use good soapy water."

"Do you wash them off with clear water?" Dick asked.

"Oh, yes. I'll put them here in this pan and pour boiling water over them. Then I will stand them up. Most of the water will run off that way, and I won't have much drying to do. It is more healthful to dry dishes that way."

Dick laughed. "I never knew dishwashing had anything to do with health, but I can see now that germs might stay on the dishes if they were not washed properly."

Betty said, "I am going to clean the icebox, too. Foods must be kept in a clean, cool place." She opened the door. "Oh!" she said. "I don't need to clean it today. Everything is already clean."

Allen was sweeping the kitchen and the back porch. He called, "I wish Dick would come and help me."

The two boys went to the back porch. "I see that Mrs. Taylor didn't have time to empty the small garbage can. Let's take and empty it into the big garbage can." They carried it out and put the garbage in the large can. Just then they heard the town garbage truck coming down

the street. They watched the men empty the garbage cans into the big truck. Soon the men stopped at the Taylors' and emptied their big garbage can.

"I'm glad they carry away the garbage," Dick said.

"Oh, yes," Allen said. "If it stayed in people's yards, the flies and the rats and other animals would come and bring germs. Then people would get sick. We might get sick ourselves."

By this time the big garbage truck had gone on down the street to other houses.

The next afternoon the children heard a car drive up to the Taylor's home. Dick ran over to the back porch. Betty and Allen saw Mrs. Taylor open the back door and put her arms around Dick. They heard her say, "O Dick, you are a good boy. You have helped me so much."

When Betty and Allen went into their house, they said, "Mother, we think Mrs. Taylor really thinks a lot of Dick. Oh, wouldn't it be nice if she would keep him?"



## EIGHT

# Planning the Picnic

THE Club members were in their hobby house when they heard a rap at the door. Allen opened the door.

There stood Mr. Taylor. He came into the room and said, "We have been wanting to take Dick to see Lake Pleasant. Next Tuesday is my day off from work, and we would like to go then. Mrs. Taylor and I thought it would be more fun if you Club members could go along."

"Oh, oh!" the children cried.

"I will get a truck, and we shall all ride together."

"O Mr. Taylor," Allen spoke for the children, "that will be so much fun! What can we do to help?"

Mr. Taylor smiled to the Club members. He said, "Mrs. Taylor will bring a surprise treat for the picnic dinner, but you children could plan the rest of the dinner."

Betty spoke, "Oh, yes, we'll be glad to do that."

He waved a good-by to the members and went out.

One of the boys turned to Dick and said, "The Taylors are such nice people! You must be having a good time with them this summer."

"Yes, I am," Dick told him.

Allen asked the Club members to listen. "We should write down now the food we want to take," he said.

Then the children called out, "Candy, cake, cookies!"

"Oh, no, no!" Allen shook his head. "This is a health club! We must plan a picnic dinner that will be healthful. I wonder if the girls could help us."

Betty stood up. "We girls will be glad to do what we can, but we want to have a good meal. Maybe we could ask Nurse Beeler to come and help us plan our picnic dinner."

"Yes, yes," the children all said.

The next afternoon, when the children came to the clubhouse, they saw the walls covered with pictures and charts about food. The pictures looked very interesting!

Miss Beeler said as she began, "I am glad you Club members want to learn about foods. Our bodies can live and grow only when we eat the right foods."

She pointed to a chart that showed four kinds of foods. She said, "Here we see the many foods divided into these four groups. We should eat some foods from every group each day. I will read them for you:

1. *Proteins* build the body.

milk	cheese	nuts
eggs	beans	peas

2. *Starches* and *sugars* give heat.

potatoes	fruits
breakfast foods	honey
bread	candy

3. *Fats* give heat.

butter	cream	oils
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A picnic can be fun and  
good for health, too. A boat  
ride often is part of the fun.

PHOTO BY H. M. LAMBERT







4. *Mineral foods* build bone and help to keep the body in running order.

eggs	milk
whole-wheat bread	green leafy vegetables
nuts	cheese
dates	

As soon as Miss Beeler had read about the foods, the children began to name what they wanted for their picnic lunch.

"Let's have baked beans," said one, "and boiled eggs."

"And potato salad," said one of the boys.

"Date-and-nut sandwiches," Betty said.

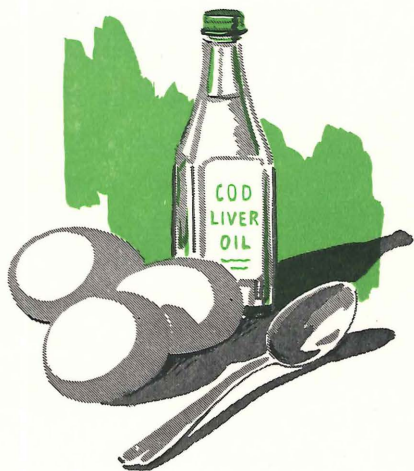
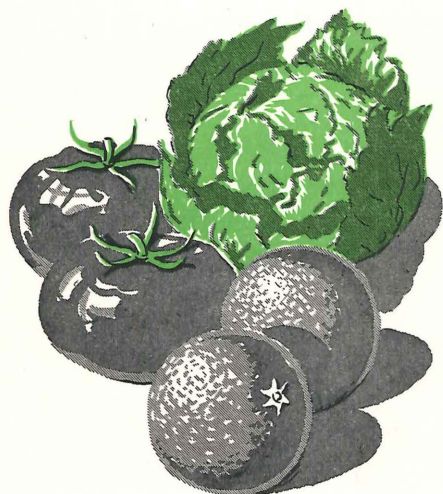
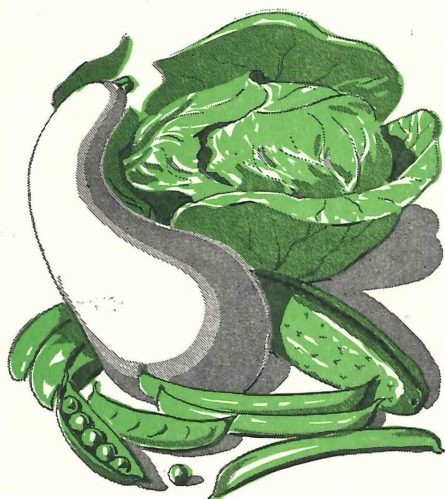
Miss Beeler told them, "You have named good foods. The beans would give the *protein*, the potatoes the *starches*, the whole-wheat, date-and-nut sandwiches would give the *fats* and *mineral foods*."

"Don't forget the *candy*," said one of the boys. "The picture chart said we need candy for heat."

The children smiled. Nurse Beeler smiled, too. She said, "I think Mrs. Taylor is fixing a surprise treat for you, so you won't have to bring any sweets. But I should tell you about candy. We do need heat, it is true, but candy is not the best way to get it. White sugar does not have minerals or proteins to help our bodies. It has no vitamins that give us health. Much sugar is not good for our bodies and for our teeth. We should not eat too much candy."

Betty whispered to some of the girls, "I wonder what Mrs. Taylor will bring."

Then Allen asked, "Shouldn't we have some vitamins in our picnic dinner?"



These foods have the four vitamins—A, B, C, and D.



"Oh, yes, you will, Allen," she answered.

She pointed to another chart with pictures, saying, "You may look at this chart and see what vitamin foods you would like to take."

On the chart the children saw this:

#### VITAMINS

Vitamin A—green and yellow vegetables

Vitamin B—whole wheat and other grains

Vitamin C—oranges, tomatoes, lettuce

Vitamin D—cod-liver oil, eggs, and sunshine

Allen laughed, "We won't have to take any cod-liver oil with us," he said. "We will have plenty of sunshine."

"I think you are right," Miss Beeler replied. "But remember this, sunshine is good for our bodies, but *not too much* sunshine. Do not let the sun burn you. If you are to be in the sun a long time, you should wear wide hats. Don't let your body be too long in the sun when you wear a sun suit or a swimming suit. A burn from the sun can hurt and make you sick. But now, we should go on with our picnic plans."

Betty said, "We could take some carrot sticks for the vitamin A."

Another girl said, "We could make tomato-and-lettuce sandwiches, using whole-wheat bread, and that would give us vitamin B and vitamin C."

Little Susie, who was the smallest member, held up her hand and asked, "Can't we take any milk? I like to drink milk."

"Oh, good for you, Susie," said Miss Beeler. "Milk is a very good food. Children should have a quart a day."

It is almost the best food, because it has so much in it. Our chart shows that milk has proteins, fats, and minerals. You will want to take some with you. If you put it into a cold jar, it will be nice and cool for your picnic lunch."

Betty said, "We have our lunch planned now. I will write it down." She wrote:

*Picnic Dinner*

Baked beans	Carrot sticks
Boiled eggs	Radishes
Potato salad	
Sandwiches made with whole-wheat bread	
date-and-nut sandwiches	
lettuce-and-tomato sandwiches	
Cold milk to drink	
Treat—a surprise by Mrs. Taylor	

"Sounds good," the boys said. "We can hardly wait until the picnic."

Dick asked, "May we take Pal with us?"

"Oh, of course," Allen answered. "He likes to go to picnics, too."

## Dick Almost Forgot

MAY we go swimming in the lake?" some of the children asked Dick the evening before the picnic.

"I'll ask Mr. Taylor," he answered.

The children followed Dick as he went to the back door to ask Mr. Taylor.

"No, I don't think we should go swimming in the lake," Mr. Taylor said in answer to the children's question. "This lake is not a good place to swim. The water may not be clean enough, and it may not be safe for swimming."

The children looked unhappy.

"Don't feel too bad about it," Mr. Taylor said. "We will have fun even if we don't go swimming. You may wade along the edge of the lake where the water is not deep, but we can swim sometime when we have a safe place."

Allen asked, "What makes a place safe to swim in?"

Mr. Taylor answered, "The water must be clean, and other people should be near. A person should *never*, *never* go swimming alone. Many swimming places such





S. C. ELDRIDGE

Mr. Taylor said, "*Never, never* drink water unless you know it is safe for drinking."

as lakes, rivers, or by the seashore are fenced off; and there is no danger of a person going too far into deep water."

"I am glad we can go wading tomorrow," Dick said.

"And we will do other things, too," Mr. Taylor promised. "We shall play different kinds of games. It will be a good day for a health club, for you will all get plenty of fresh air and play."

"We are glad you invited us," Allen said.

Mr. Taylor said, "I forgot to tell you. Be sure to bring your own cups tomorrow, for we don't want germs passed around by using one cup."

"Don't they have a drinking fountain there?"

"No, so remember to bring your cups."

"And the sun hats," Allen said. "We don't want to get burned by the sun when we play."

The children went quickly to their homes. They wanted to have a good night's rest and be ready for the picnic.

Early the next morning the children were waiting on Allen's lawn for Mr. Taylor to bring the truck. Soon they heard it coming, and they were excited. They held up their cups for Mr. Taylor to see.

"We remembered our cups," they called. "We won't pass around germs today."

When the truck stopped, the children began to climb on. "Wait, wait," Mr. Taylor called. "You might get hurt. I will take down the end gate and lean it up against the truck, then you may use it as a ladder."

The children were soon climbing into the truck and sitting down on the benches.

"Here, Pal," Dick called,



The collie ran to the truck and jumped in with the children.

"Pal didn't use the ladder," some of the children called.

Mr. Taylor laughed. "No, he didn't have to; he is a dog. Now if you children were dogs, maybe you wouldn't need to use a ladder either. But I want this to be a *safe* picnic—no broken arms or legs today." Mr. Taylor carefully put the end gate in place.

"We can't fall out of this truck," Betty said. "The sides are high."

As the truck drove away, the Club members were all singing their Club song:

"Wings of Health, Wings of Health,  
Wings that keep us strong,  
Oh, what fun it is to wear  
Our wings the whole day long.  
Wings of Health, Wings of Health,  
Wings that keep us strong,  
Oh, what fun it is to wear  
Our wings the whole day long."

Lake Pleasant was beautiful. The water was blue, and the little waves were edged in silver. Around the lake were shade trees that made dark shadows on the white sand along the shore.

"Oh, the lake is pretty!" the children said together as the truck stopped.

"I'm going to run right over there now," cried one of the boys as he started to jump out.

"Wait, wait," the others called. "Wait until Mr.



Taylor puts down the end gate. We don't want anyone to get hurt today."

But Pal did not wait. As soon as Mr. Taylor had lifted the end gate, the dog jumped down. The children were soon down, too, and ran to the lake.

"We want to wade in the water," said some of the children as they sat down to take off their shoes and stockings. Pal was already splashing in the water. Dick laughed and said, "He didn't have to stop and take off his shoes and stockings."

"Oh, this water is nice and cool!" said the children.

Dick was walking along the edge of the lake. All at once he said, "I'm thirsty." He quickly took the tin cup hanging from his belt and bent down to dip up a cupful of water.

"Stop! Don't!" Mr. Taylor called. "Don't do that, Dick."

The boy turned and looked at Mr. Taylor in surprise. The other children came up to see what was wrong.

Mr. Taylor said, "It would be dangerous to drink that water. It is not good drinking water. Why, look at Pal wading in it and some of the children, too. There may be germs in it, many of them."

Dick hung his head and said, "Oh, I didn't think."

"Now, Club members," Mr. Taylor said, "let this be something for you all to remember. *Never, never* drink water unless you know that it is safe for drinking. Germs can be taken into the body by drinking water that is not good."

Dick looked up at Mr. Taylor with a question in his eyes. "I am thirsty, and you told us there were no drink-

ing fountains here. But you told us to bring our cups!"

Mr. Taylor put his hand on the boy's shoulder. "I am sorry, Dick, that I did not tell you about the water. No wonder you thought it was all right to drink water from the lake. Now if I had not known there was good drinking water here, I would have brought a big jar of good water from home. That is a safe thing to do: *Take your drinking water with you.*"

Dick was still holding his cup and looking down at it as if he could not wait.

"Right over there," Mr. Taylor pointed. "See that little rock wall? There is a spring of water running out there, and by it is a sign, DRINKING WATER. That means it is safe for drinking."

Dick ran to the spring. The others followed him, and each one used his own cup and had a drink of good, clean water.

Mr. Taylor took a drink, too. "Oh, it is cool and good," he said.

Betty asked, "Mr. Taylor, if the spring was not here, and if we did not have a jar of water, how could we get a drink?"

"A good question, Betty. If one does not *know* that the water is good, then the safe plan is to boil the water. Water that has been boiled is safe to drink."

Dick was drinking a second cupful. He said, "I'm glad we didn't have to wait to boil this water."

## A Surprise for the Picnic Dinner

LET'S play games now,"

Allen said. Then he started to the truck.

"A ball game," called Jack as he too ran to the truck and brought the balls and bats. The girls played, too.

After the ball game they had races and running games. There was even a sack race.

Mr. Taylor said to Allen, "The children are having fun today, and the games are good for children." He looked at his watch and said, "It is near dinnertime, and it would be best for the children to have a game that is more quiet. You know, it is not best to eat right after playing hard."

Allen agreed. "And it isn't good to play running games right *after* dinner, is it?" he asked.

"No, the body should have some rest both before and after eating," Mr. Taylor said.

"I know a game we can play," Allen said. He called the children to sit down in the shade while he told them how to play. He said, "We have been running hard for a long time; now we will let Pal do the running. It is a game of hide-and-seek, and Pal does the running. Now



watch. You hold Pal and cover his eyes, and I will hide. Then you tell him to find me."

Dick held his hands over Pal's eyes while Allen went to hide behind a tree.

"Find Allen," Dick said.

The dog smelled the ground where Allen had been standing. Then Pal walked around, smelling the ground as he went. He went slowly at first, then faster and faster. Soon he was running, right in the very steps Allen had taken. In a minute he was by the tree, rubbing his nose on Allen's hand. "Good, Pal," Allen said.

"Try it again," the children called. "Hide in the truck this time."

Dick put his hands over Pal's eyes, and Allen went to the truck and hid in the front seat. He left the door open just a little.

"Find Allen," said Dick.

The dog dashed away, smelling the ground. He ran right to the truck. Around and around the truck he ran. Then he stopped and held his head in the air. He kept smelling.

"See?" said Mr. Taylor. "Pal knows Allen is some place in the truck."

The dog jumped on the running board. He pulled the door open with his paw and jumped into the seat beside Allen.

The children clapped and called, "Pal is a bright dog."

"How can he do that?" Dick asked.

"It's his sense of smell," Allen answered.

"Yes," Mr. Taylor said, "dogs have a good sense of smell. They can smell people's foot tracks. Often they

are used to find people and even children who are lost."

"I would never have to worry about being lost; Pal would find me," said Allen. He looked and saw that Dick had his arm around Pal's neck. Allen thought, "How happy Dick would be if he had a dog of his own!"

The children heard a car driving up, and they turned to look. It was Mrs. Taylor and Allen's mother. "Oh, it's time to get the dinner ready!" the girls said as they ran to the car. "We will help you," they said to the two women. "What did you bring for our surprise treat?"

The two women looked at each other and smiled. Mrs. Taylor said, "I don't think we should let you see what it is now. You might not want to eat your vegetables."

"Oh, yes, we will," the girls answered her; "we will eat our vegetables first."

The dinner looked pretty, as it was all spread out on the big red cloth under the shade tree. "Almost too pretty to eat," said Mr. Taylor as he looked at it.

"Have you washed your hands?" Allen asked the children.

"Oh, we can't!" they said. "There is no place here to wash."

Mr. Taylor said, "You show them how, Allen. Hands must be clean before eating. You don't want to eat germs with your dinner."

Allen brought a cupful of water from the spring, and he poured it slowly over Dick's hands.

"Why, this is easy when someone pours the water for you," said Dick.

The rest of the children quickly took turns pouring





S. C. ELDRIDGE

Allen poured water over Dick's hands, so they would be clean before eating.



water for one another until all had washed their hands.

Then they sat down around the big red cloth that was covered with good things to eat.

"It is so much fun to eat this way," the children said. "The food looks pretty, and the cool air makes us hungry. Oh, the dinner is so good!"

"It tastes good, and it is *good* for us, too," Betty said. "We chose foods that Miss Beeler said are good for us."

When it was time for the treat, Mr. Taylor went to the car and carried back a large strawberry shortcake.

The children shouted, "Strawberry shortcake! Goody! Goody!"

Next, Mrs. Taylor brought some homemade ice cream. "This is to go on top of the shortcake," she said.

"Oh, what a surprise!" the children cried.

Dick asked, "May I give Pal some of mine?"

"Pal can have a piece of his own," Mrs. Taylor told Dick.

Allen said quietly to Betty, "He always remembers the dog, doesn't he?"

Betty whispered, "I wish he could have a dog for his very own. Maybe he could if the Taylors would keep him."



Dick came to the window and gave a happy cry. "Oh, Pal came home!"

## Pal Is Lost

WHERE is Pal? Where is he?" Dick asked in an excited voice. It was time to leave the picnic, and the children were already in the truck.

Allen called and whistled. But the dog did not come. Dick ran back to the lake. He called and whistled, too. But still the dog did not come.

Dick was excited. He ran to Mr. Taylor. "Oh!" he said. "Pal is lost. What shall we do?"

"No, I don't think he is lost," Mr. Taylor answered. "I think he was in the car when Mrs. Taylor and Allen's mother left a short time ago."

Dick called to the children in the truck, "Did any of you see when the car left? Was Pal in it?"

The children shook their heads. Not one of them had been watching when the car drove away.

"Well, it's time to go now," Mr. Taylor said. "I am sure the dog must have gone with them."

Dick climbed into the truck, and Allen saw tears in his eyes. Dick said, "The last I saw Pal he was running off after a rabbit."

The truck drove away, and the rest of the children



were talking and laughing. Dick sat by Allen, but he did not talk.

The very first thing when the truck stopped at Allen's place, Dick was out and calling the dog. He ran into the house and asked Mrs. Taylor about the dog.

"No; Pal did not come back in the car," she said. "We don't remember seeing him."

Dick and Allen went all around the block calling for Pal. But there was no Pal.

That night as Dick said goodnight to Allen, his eyes were red from crying. And Allen was sad, too.

Allen tried to sleep that night, but he kept thinking about Pal. Would Pal find his way home?

Several times he got out of bed and looked through the window. At last he put his head on the pillow, and his eyes went shut.

*Scratch, scratch.* Allen heard a noise. He sat up with a start. He jumped up and looked out. Pal was scratching under the window. Allen opened the window and cried, "Here, Pal, jump!" The dog jumped up through the window. Allen took the dog in his arms.

"I'm going right over to tell Dick," he told Pal. They went quickly out of the house and over to Dick's window.

Allen whistled softly.

Dick came to the window. "That you, Allen? Is Pal home?" Then he gave a happy cry, "Oh, I see him. He is home! Oh, good! Give him a pat for me. Now I can go to sleep. I haven't been asleep yet."

"I didn't sleep much either," Allen said. "Just now he scratched under my window. I came right over to tell you. I'm going to give him something to eat, for he

looks hungry. I guess he had to walk all those miles home."

"How did he ever find the way?" asked Dick.

"I don't know," Allen answered as he turned and went back to his house.

The next afternoon Dick was sitting on the lawn with Betty and Allen; and, of course, Pal was there, too. Dick asked again, "How did Pal find his way home?"

Allen said, "I know; he has a good sense of smell."

"I wonder if he followed the tracks of the tires?" He looked up as he heard someone walking toward them.

"Oh, there is Nurse Beeler now. Let's ask her."

Miss Beeler listened as the children told her about Pal. She said, "Dogs have a good sense of smell, but I don't think that Pal could smell the tires. Many other tires rolled over the road, and I don't think Pal could know which were the right tracks. You see, children, dogs seem to have a sixth sense (people have five, you know), and that sixth sense helps them to find their way home."

Dick asked, "Miss Beeler, you said that people have five senses. What are they?"

Betty spoke up, "I think I know. They are sight, hearing, touch, taste, and smell."

"Yes, you are right," said Nurse Beeler. "The sense of *sight* is in our eyes. Eyes, you know, are very wonderful parts of our bodies. By opening our eyes and looking, we know what things are around us."

Allen said, "Some people can find their way even if they cannot see."

"Yes, that is right. Even without the sense of sight, they are able to walk about. They use other senses. They

carry a cane with them and tap the ground. They can feel when they come to the edge of the walk, and they know when to step down. Their sense of *touch* is almost perfect. They also listen for sounds to know when cars are coming. They know in this way when it is safe to cross a street."

Dick was quick to say, "I have seen some blind people walking with a dog. I guess the dog helps them find their way."

"Yes, dogs can help. They are called Seeing Eye dogs and are taught to help blind people."

"One time I saw a blind person reading a book," Betty said.

Dick asked, "How can a blind person read?"

Miss Beeler said, "Blind people can use their fingers to feel the raised letters that are made for those who cannot see. They can read with their fingers by using their sense of touch."

"Is that the only place a person can *feel*—in his fingertips?" asked Allen.

Miss Beeler smiled, "Oh, no. The sense of *feeling*, or *touch*, is in the skin all over the body."

Dick asked, "What good is smell to us? We don't use it to find our way home as a dog does."

Miss Beeler smiled. She said, "We have two senses that work together: *taste* and *smell*. The sense of smell is in the nose. In the nose are tiny nerves that tell us how things smell. The nerves can tell us if gas is in the room. They tell us when food is good to eat, and they help us to enjoy our meals. They also help us to enjoy flowers, for we can smell how sweet they are."



"I like to smell cookies baking in the oven," Dick said.

"And I do, too," Miss Beeler agreed. "The smell of baking cookies makes my mouth water. On the tongue are many little nerves. These begin to work when we smell something good to eat. And they keep right on working and telling us how good the cookies are as we eat them."

Suddenly there was a loud sound of a fire truck. Louder and louder grew the sound.

"Fire! There must be a fire in town," the children said.

"Let's go," said Dick.

"I will go with you," Miss Beeler told them. "Stay close beside me."





H. M. LAMBERT

Suddenly there was the sound of a fire truck. Louder and louder grew the sound. As Miss Beeler stopped, she said, "Over there is the fire."



## TWELVE

# Going to the Fire

THE children walked fast, but they stayed right beside Miss Beeler. Down the sidewalk they went. "It must be very near," said Betty. "The whistle sounds so loud."

Dick called, "Oh, look at the men running."

Allen said, "Those are the firemen. They are going to help fight the fire. They always run when they hear the fire whistle."

The children were out of breath from walking so fast. Dick asked, "How do the men know where the fire is?"

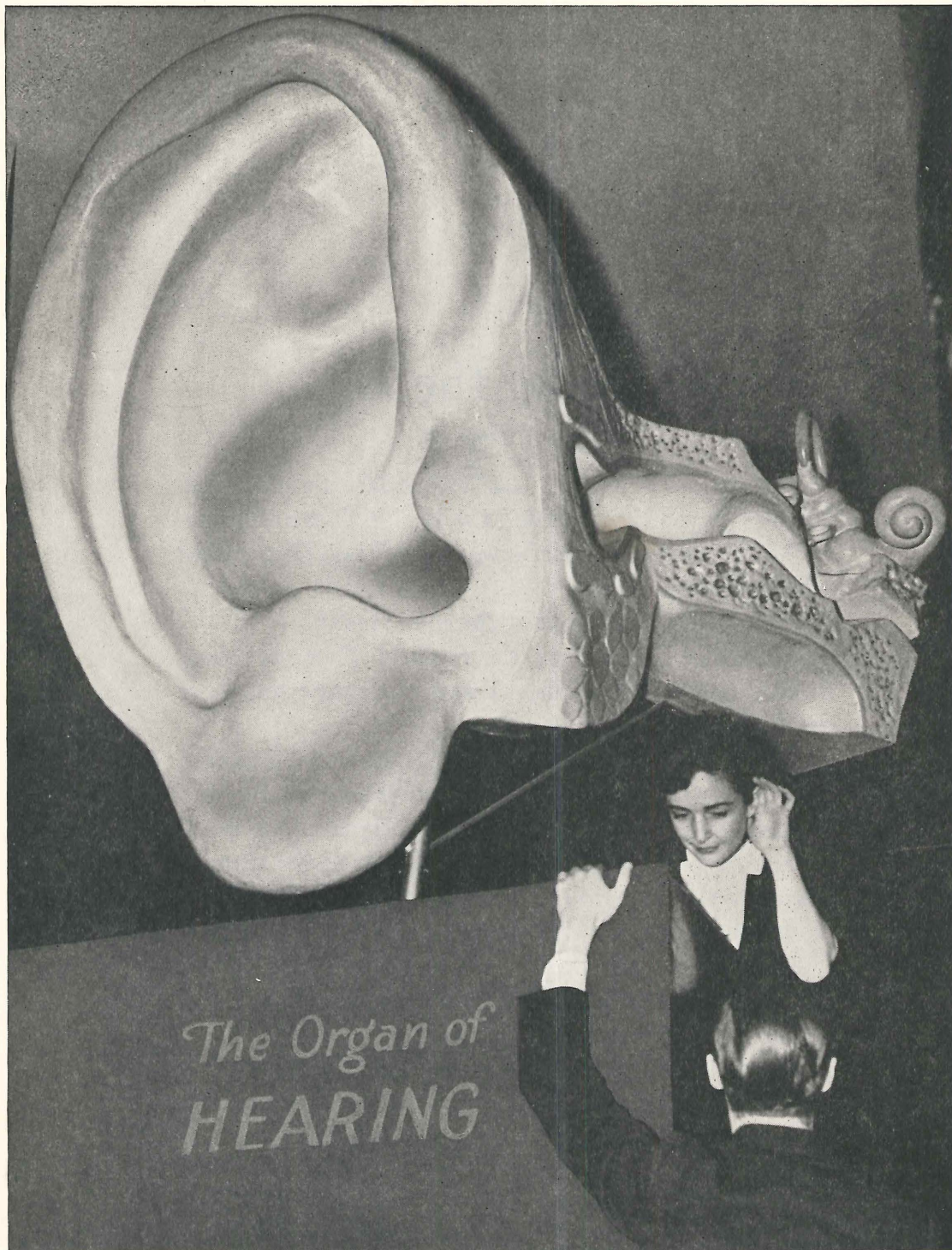
Allen said, "The whistle blows in signals. We heard three long blows. That means the fire is in this part of town. By listening to the number of times the whistle blows, the men know where to go."

The children still kept close to Miss Beeler. All at once she stopped, "Over there is the fire. See the smoke."

The children said, "Let's go closer."

"Oh, no," Miss Beeler answered. "This is close enough. It might be dangerous to go any closer. The firemen don't want people too close to a fire. The men need room to work."





*The Organ of*  
**HEARING**

KEYSTONE

The ear is one of the most wonderful organs of the human body.

"Oh, look at the water! The men are turning streams of water on the roof," the children said.

"Yes, and see how quickly the smoke is dying down. Why, I think the fire is almost out now."

"It's a good thing the men heard the siren and knew where to run," Dick said. "The house might have burned down. Why, the town might have burned if the men had not heard the fire whistle."

Miss Beeler said, "You children can see how much help *hearing* is."

Betty asked, "Is that the other sense you were going to tell us about?"

"Yes, it is," she answered. "Let us go back home now. The firemen are all leaving. I will tell you more about hearing. I have a picture in a book I want to show you."

Betty said, "I guess our sense of hearing is in our ears, isn't it?"

"A silly question," said her brother.

"Oh, not so silly," Miss Beeler said. "Our ears are used for hearing, it is true, but we also need our brains to tell us what our ears hear. Our ears 'catch' the sounds, and then our brains tell us what we hear."

They now were back in the front yard, and they sat down to listen to Miss Beeler. She opened a book. "Look at this picture of the ear," she said as she pointed to a page. She showed them the three parts of the ear. She told them about the nerve that helps the brain to hear.

Betty said, "Oh, our ears are wonderful!"

"Yes, they are," Miss Beeler agreed.

Allen then said, "Well, I want to take good care of my ears. Tell us how we can, Miss Beeler."



She said, "Let us look at this picture again. Do you see this tube that goes from the ear to the throat?"

"Yes," the children said.

"It is an empty tube that is filled with air. When you have a cold, you should *not blow your nose too hard*. You might push germs from your throat into your ears through this tube. Then your ears would become sore. They could hurt so much that you would need a doctor to help."

"My mother always tells me to be careful when I blow my nose," Betty said. "But I never knew why."

"During cold weather you should protect your ears by *wearing a warm cap or something over your ears*."

"I like to wear a cap in cold weather," said Dick.

Miss Beeler turned to Allen and said, "Here is another rule: *Be careful of other people's ears*."

The children smiled, and Allen asked, "What do you mean by that?"

"As I said, ears must have good care, so *don't pull anyone's ear*, and *don't shout* close to a person's ear. *Never, never strike* a person on his ears. You might break a bone inside his ear."

Judy, the three-year-old who lived on the other side of the Taylors, came running down the walk. She heard them talking about ears. She said, "Ear, my ear." She held one hand to her ear, but the other hand she kept closed. "Put bean in my ear, bean in my ear," she said; and she held her other hand to her ear.

"No, don't!" Nurse Beeler called as she ran to Judy and took a bean from her hand. "Don't put anything into your ear, Judy. It would hurt you. Don't!"



"Why?" Judy asked. What could Miss Beeler mean?

Miss Beeler turned to the other children. "That makes me think of another rule: *Don't put into your ear anything smaller than your finger with a washcloth over it.*"

The children smiled. They knew what she meant.

Miss Beeler said, "And now one more rule: *Study in a quiet room.* The brain can work better if sound waves are not knocking at your ear."

Allen agreed. He said, "I know that when I study in the evenings, it is hard to remember what I read if the radio is on."

Someone was calling, "May I come to your meeting?"

It was Mr. Taylor coming into the yard. He said to Dick, "We're going to the beach and the city park tomorrow. I want to take some pictures in the park. Would you like to go with us?"

Dick gave a big smile and cried, "Oh, sure, Mr. Taylor, I'd love to go!"

Turning to Betty and Allen, Mr. Taylor said, "We want you to go with us, too."

"Oh, thank you," they said.

Mr. Taylor and Dick walked away together. Dick was holding Mr. Taylor's hand.

Allen watched them as they went through the gate and into the other yard. He said, "You know, Betty, I am sure Mr. Taylor likes Dick a lot; and Dick likes Mr. Taylor, too."

Betty said, "Why, they act like father and son. Oh, I wonder . . ."

"I wonder, too," Allen agreed.

## THIRTEEN

# Taking Pictures in the Park

THE Taylors' car had rolled up in front of Allen's house, and Mr. Taylor opened the car door for Betty and Allen to jump in. Just then Pal came running around the corner of the house. He ran to the car and barked.

Dick patted the dog's head and turned to Mr. Taylor, "Please, could we take Pal with us?"

Pal gave a friendly bark as if asking to go.

"Why, yes, we can," Mr. Taylor said. "I think he would look pretty in some of the pictures I want to take."

"Jump in, Pal," Dick spoke.

Betty and Allen were in the back seat by Dick. They heard Mr. Taylor say in a low tone to his wife, "He does love dogs." Betty and Allen looked knowingly at each other and then at Dick. The boy had his arms around the dog's neck.

After an hour Mr. Taylor drove into the big park.

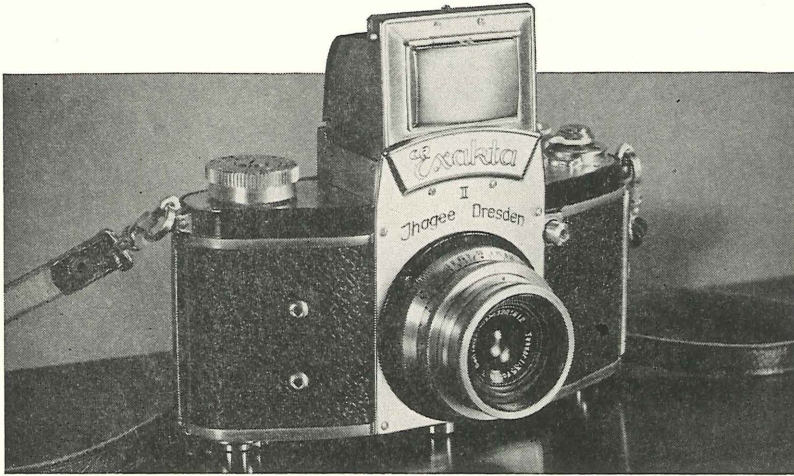
"Oh!" cried Dick, "this is a pretty park! You can take lots of pictures here."

"Let's go to the flower gardens first," said Mrs. Taylor.

"It is so nice here," Betty said as they left the car and

walked into the garden, which was bright with flowers.

"That bridge over there would make a pretty picture," said Mr. Taylor. He began to set up his camera to take the picture.



"You children walk over the bridge with Pal following behind you. I'll take the picture as you are going over the top. But wait a minute; I'll have to fix the camera first." He worked with the camera for a few minutes.

"Now, we are ready," Mr. Taylor said. "You children run over there and start walking across the bridge."

"Come, Pal," Dick said.

Mr. Taylor thought he had taken a good picture. He took other pictures, too. Some were of flower gardens, others of trees, and some of a small lake and ducks swimming on it.

At lunch time they all sat down on a shady lawn. "Oh, I want a picture of this," said Mr. Taylor.

The children watched him set up his camera again.



Betty said to Mrs. Taylor, "A camera is wonderful, isn't it?"

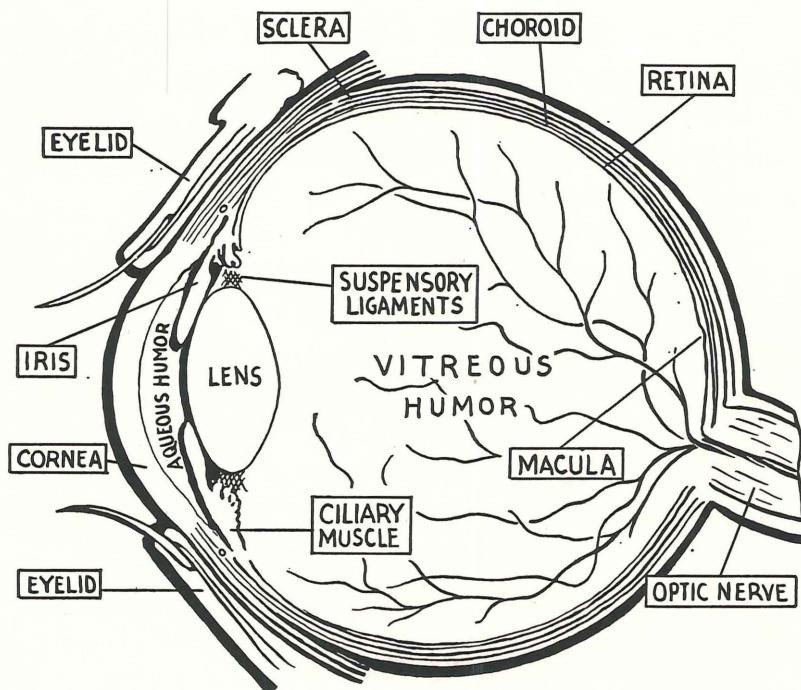
"But not so wonderful as your *eyes*," said she. "Every day you take pictures with your eyes, and they are much more wonderful than a camera."

Dick spoke. "I don't have to work a long time to get my eyes ready for a picture."

"That is the wonderful thing about it," Mrs. Taylor agreed. "All you have to do is to open your eyes and look!"

"Tell us some more about our eyes," the children said.

"What is the shape of the eye?" Allen asked.



"The eyes are round, about the shape of large marbles. The inside part of the eye is made up of something clear and jellylike. Around this are three coats. The outside coat is what we call the 'white of the eye.' In the front of the eye is the pupil. The pupil is really a hole through which light comes into the eye.

"Across the back of the eye is the part that 'sees.' When the eye 'sees' a picture, it must have the *eye nerve* 'tell' the brain what it sees. We may say, 'I see a tree. I see a house. I see a cat.' We know what our eyes see when the eye nerve tells the brain."

Allen said, "I never knew that about my eyes."

"Why were our eyes put in our heads and not in our fingers?" Dick asked.

"Because they need to be protected. If your eyes were in your fingers, think how often you might cut them! Your eyes are well protected. They are placed in the bony part of your head, and that is almost like having them in a strong house of bone!"

"Are tears good for anything?" asked Betty.

"Yes, they are," answered Mrs. Taylor. "Tears help care for the eyes. They help wash out anything that might get into the eye."

Allen said, "Our eyes seem to be about the most wonderful parts of our bodies."

"They are very wonderful," Mrs. Taylor agreed. "When I see such beautiful scenes as these in the park, I am thankful for my eyes."

Mr. Taylor added, "Eyes help us to learn, too. Eyes are needed in schoolwork."

Dick said, "Some children wear glasses in school."

"Oh, yes, glasses are helpful when eyes are weak," Mr. Taylor said. "By the way, Dick, have you been to the doctor about your eyes?"

The boy shook his head.

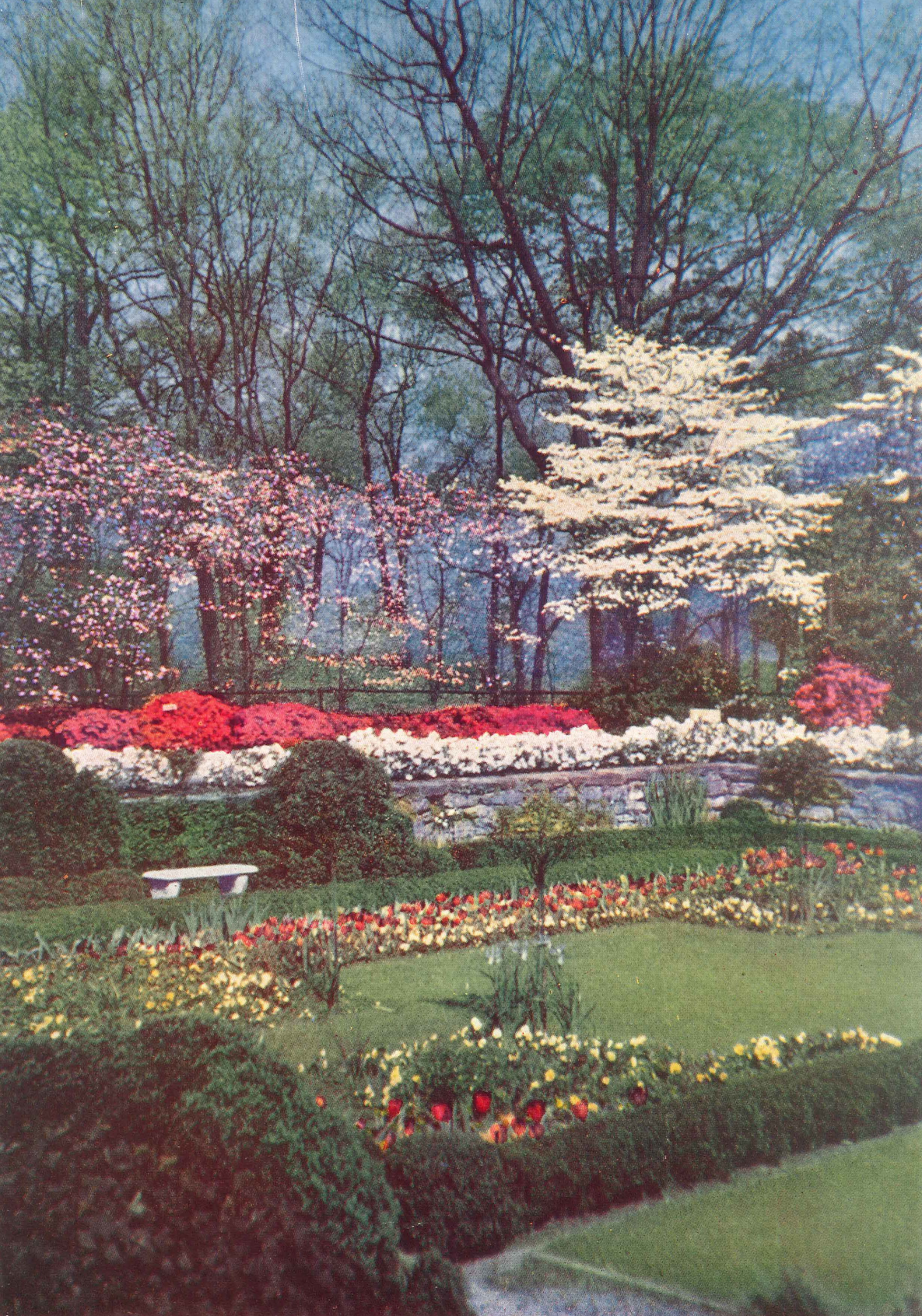
"Well, I think we should see the doctor. It won't be long now until school starts, and you should do this before that time. I think you should see him next week."

Betty and Allen looked at each other. They wondered if the Taylors were planning for Dick to be with them when school opened.

Beautiful trees and colorful flowers  
in the park made a wonderful  
picture for Mr. Taylor's camera.

COLOR PHOTO BY R. M. ELDRIDGE









## Playing on the Beach

ARE we going to the beach now?" asked Dick as Mr. Taylor drove the car from the park and out onto a street of the big city.

"Yes, now we are on our way to the beach. I want to take a few pictures there. I know you will have a good time playing on the beach."

"Oh, Mr. Taylor," Dick said, "I have never been to a beach before. I have never seen so much water before."

Soon the car came to a stop by a high wall. The children jumped out and walked over the steps to the other side of the wall.

"Oh, Oh!" Dick kept saying. "Look at the water! The waves are so pretty. Oh, I would like to stay here for a week!"

"Let's run down close to the water," said Allen.

Mrs. Taylor called, "Remember, children, don't go out into the water. It isn't safe out there, but you may wade along the edge where the waves spread out on the sand."

Away the children ran, down to the very edge of the water. In a minute their shoes and stockings were off,



and the children were splashing the water with their feet. "Oh, this is fun!" shouted Dick. "And look at Pal! He is having a good time, too."

Pal was running in the water, barking and jumping. Sometimes a wave splashed up on him, and then he ran faster than ever. Sometimes he stopped to shake the water from his long hair.

Mr. Taylor was taking pictures. Mrs. Taylor sat down on the sand. After a time the children came running all out of breath. "Oh, we have had so much fun," they said, "but we are tired."

"You had better sit down and rest awhile," Mrs. Taylor said.

The children sat down. They were still breathing hard, their chests going in and out with each big breath.

Pal came running, and he stretched out on the sand by the children. He was breathing hard, too.

"Why, even the dog is tired," said Mrs. Taylor.

Dick laid his arm on Pal's side. "Just feel this dog's heart beat," he said to Allen.

Allen felt, too. "It is beating fast. Why, it feels like a hammer going up and down. I didn't know a dog's heart could beat so fast."

Betty laughed as she said, "I don't think it is beating any faster than mine." As she put her hand on her chest, she said, "Mine is pounding away like a hammer."

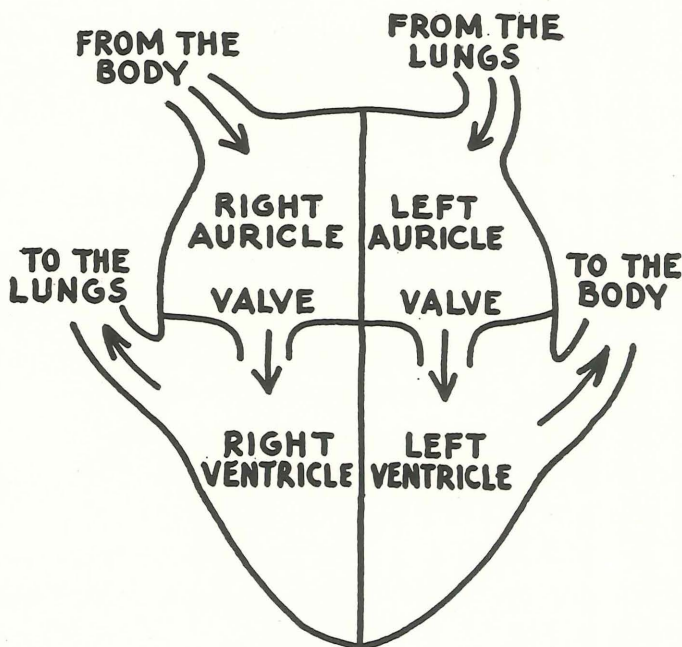
Mrs. Taylor said, "Well, children, I am glad you stopped to rest. Playing too hard isn't good for your hearts. They need to rest, so sit still here for awhile."

Dick looked up at Mrs. Taylor and said, "Why do our hearts have to work so fast when we run?"

She smiled at the boy and said, "Your blood carries air from your lungs. Your lungs need more air when you are running or playing. Air helps you to run."

"But how does the blood carry the air?" Dick asked.

"The blood is pumped through a set of tubes. First the blood is pumped by the heart to the lungs. There



it takes on more air. Then the heart pumps the blood on to all parts of the body," said Mrs. Taylor.

Dick looked at his fingers and then down at his toes. "Even to my toes?" he asked.

"Yes, the heart pumps blood to every part of your body," she answered.

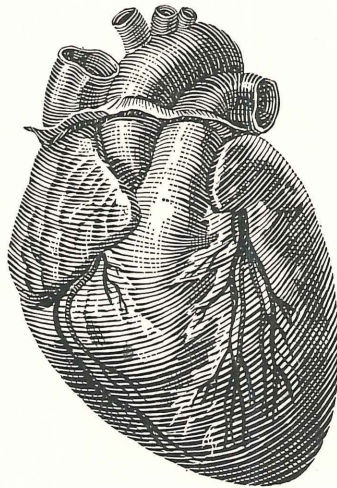
"Oh, it must have to do a lot of work!" Dick said.

Mrs. Taylor replied, "Yes, it does. Doctors have said that in a day a heart pumps enough blood to fill a tank wagon. That would be about 1,800 gallons a day that the heart must pump."

"Does a person's heart ever stop beating and take a rest?" Dick asked.

"As long as you live, your heart never stops beating," she said. "But it does rest. When you are asleep, or lying down, or even sitting down, the heart rests."

Mrs. Taylor spoke, "A little running and playing is good for the heart, for it helps to pump air through the lungs to the blood. It also helps the heart to grow strong. But too much play may cause the heart to work too hard. Be sure to stop playing when you feel tired. Give your heart time to rest."

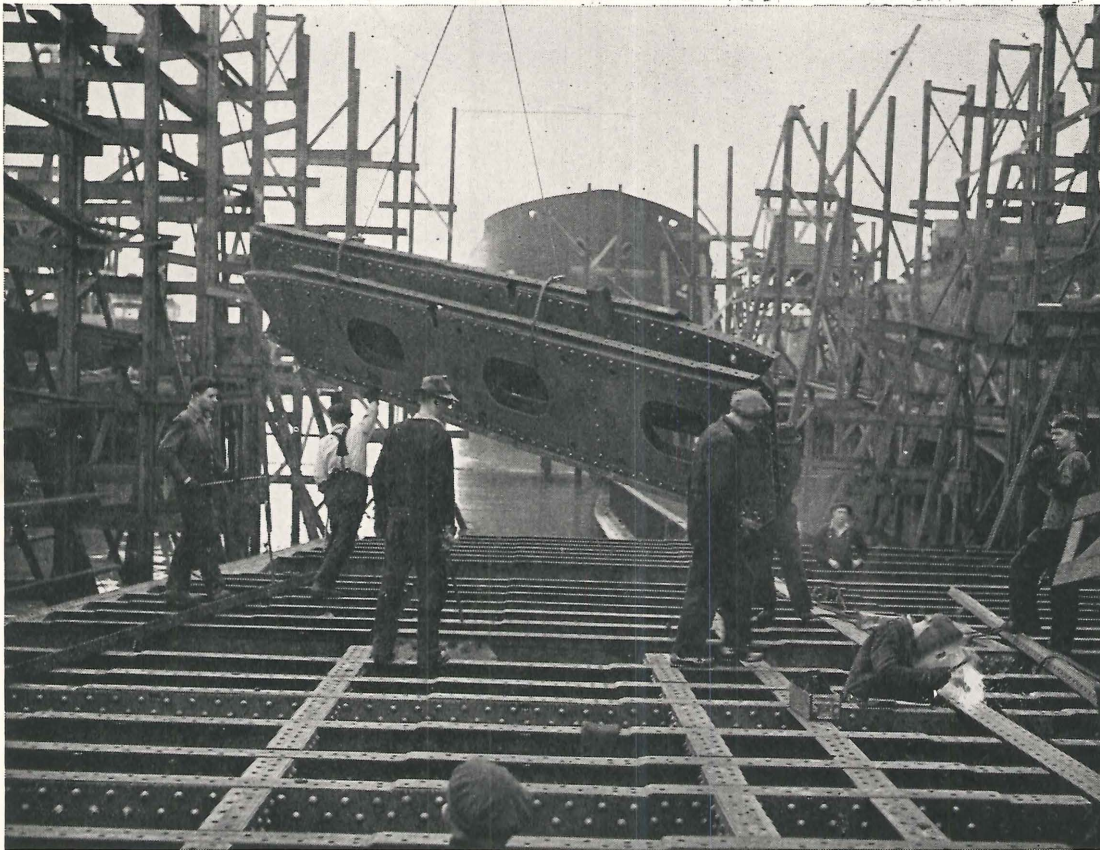
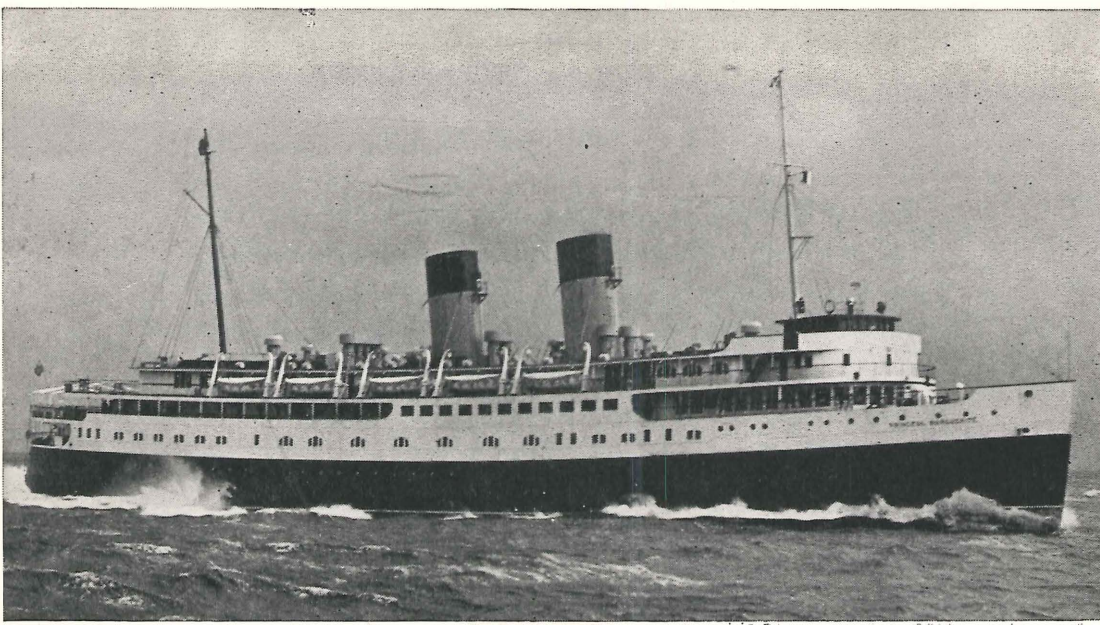




The children looked down the beach and saw Mr. Taylor coming with his camera. Dick ran to meet him. Allen heard the boy say, "Oh, Mr. Taylor, I have had so much fun on the beach! I just love it here. I wish we could come again sometime."

Allen heard Mr. Taylor say, "Yes, my boy, that would be fun. Of course, we will come again, but right now we are going to see all the animals."

"Oh, goody!" Dick clapped his hands.



TOP—CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

BOTTOM—NATIONAL FILM BOARD

The strongest part of a ship is the framework. Just so, the strong part of the body is called the skeleton. It is made up of bones.

## Shells and a Jellyfish

THE three children and the dog were running along the beach on their way to the car. "Just look at those waves rolling in," shouted Allen. "Oh, I like to come to the beach!"

Suddenly Betty stopped and bent over to look at something on the sand. She picked it up. "Look! it is a pretty shell," she said as the two boys stopped. "And here is another." She again picked up a shell. "Oh, this one is moving! What funny little shells! Oh, look! Inside the shell is a little sea animal. This shell must be its house."

Dick looked around on the beach. "Oh, come," he called. "What is this funny thing?"

Betty and Allen did not know.

Dick picked up the funny thing and held it in his hand. It was like a ball of white jelly. He laughed as he said, "It feels so funny on my hand, just like a spoonful of jelly."

"The silly little thing!" said Betty. "Why doesn't it have a head and some feet? It can't walk or run."

Mrs. Taylor, who had walked over to the children, said, "No, it does not move by itself; the poor jellyfish is



washed around by the waves. Look at those little sea animals that Betty picked up. They can walk around, and they can carry their shells or houses with them. It would be funny if people had to carry their houses on their backs."

Mr. Taylor came to see what the children had. He said, "Do you know one way in which your body is not like the jellyfish?"

The children sat down to look more carefully at their sea animals. They shook their heads in answer to the question.

"Well," began Mr. Taylor, "the jellyfish has no bones at all. He doesn't even have a house like the other sea animals."

Dick laughed. "I'm glad I'm not a jellyfish or a poor little sea animal that has to carry a house on its back. Why, I could never play ball or other running games I very much enjoy."

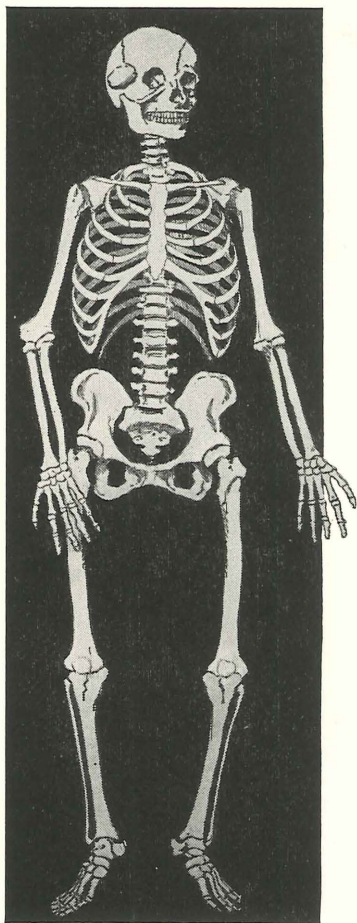
Mr. Taylor said, "Look at that large boat out there on the water. See how smoothly it sails along over the water. What sort of thing do you think holds that large boat together?"

Allen spoke up, "I know, for I watched some men build a boat. They used big, heavy boards to make the inside. They nailed the boards together. Then the men put the outside on over the heavy boards. They made a strong boat that way."

Mr. Taylor was smiling. "You are right," he said. "A boat needs to be strong. Then if a storm comes, the boat does not fall to pieces. Our bodies are made strong inside, too."

"In a book I saw a picture of a skeleton," Betty said.

"Yes, the strong part of our body is called our skeleton. It is made of bones."



Dick said, "We don't have boards inside us like a boat does."

Mr. Taylor said, "Our skeleton protects the small parts of the body and gives the body shape, so we don't look like a jellyfish. The skeleton holds the muscles together, and that is what helps us to move our arms and legs."

Dick laughed and said, "Pal's leg bones are busy most of the time. He is always running around."

Mr. Taylor said, "I think there are other bones that move around more than leg bones. They are ribs. People's ribs move up and down seventeen or eighteen times a minute."

"Oh!" cried Betty. "I never knew that ribs moved."

"Yes, and they even move when one is asleep. They move every time we breathe."

"How can bones move?" asked Dick.

"Bones are often joined in many places. These places

where the bones are joined together are called *joints*. Bones can move because they have joints."

"Is there a joint in my arm?" asked Dick as he moved his arm.

"Yes, the arm has more than one. There is one at the shoulder, one at the elbow, and one in the wrist."

"Oh, see," Dick said. "See how I can move my arm. This way I move the joint at the shoulder." He swung his arm around. "This way I bend it at the elbow, and this way I move my wrist. I'm so glad I have joints. Watch me throw this stone."

Dick jumped up, picked up a stone, and turned his arm around and around as if he were winding up to throw a ball. Dick threw the stone out into the waves.

"How many bones do we have?" asked Betty.

"Our body has 206 bones. Some are large, and some are small. One bone in our leg is more than a foot long, and the tiny bones in our ears weigh only about as much as a little feather."

"Are our bones like stones?" asked Betty.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Taylor in surprise. "What made you think that? Bones are very much alive. Of course, they are hard, but they are alive. Bones weigh less than hard rock, but they can stand almost twice as much weight and more than eight times as much pull."

"How should we take care of our skeletons?" asked Allen.

Mrs. Taylor said, "Our bones need minerals that may be found in milk. We should drink a quart of milk a day and eat other foods, such as eggs, cheese, fruits, and vegetables. And vitamin D is found in cod-liver oil, and . . ."



"And in the sunshine," said Betty as she held out her arms toward the sun.

"Yes, your bones are getting vitamin D today," Mrs. Taylor said. "You should sit straight and stand straight. Do not let your back bend over like a question mark. *Stand tall and sit tall* is a good rule to follow."

"But I thought we were on our way to see the animals," Mr. Taylor said as he started on.

The children jumped up from the sand and ran ahead of him. Dick laughed, "I would rather go and see lions and tigers and elephants than sit and look at that funny jellyfish."

Pal barked as if he wanted to say he, too, was tired of looking at the jellyfish.

SIXTEEN

## At the Zoo

MAY we take Pal with us to the zoo?" Dick asked as Mr. Taylor parked his car at the gate.

"No, Dick, I think Pal should wait here in the car. It might excite the animals to see a dog. Pal should stay in the car now."

Mrs. Taylor said as they were walking through the gate, "Let us all stay together; I think it is more fun to see the animals that way."

The three children walked close beside Mr. and Mrs. Taylor.

"Look at the elephants!"

"Oh, see the monkeys!"

"Oh, there are the lions and the tigers; let's go there first," Betty cried.

They walked to the cages. One big lion made a dash toward the children, opened his mouth, and gave a low growl. "Oh, what terrible teeth!" Betty said as she jumped back. "They could tear a person to pieces!"

Mr. Taylor read a sign by the cages, "Lion act at three this afternoon." He said, "I think we should see the other

animals first, then come back in time to see the lions do their tricks."

"Oh, goody!" the children agreed.

What fun it was to see the monkeys—little baby ones and big ones that climbed on trees, or ran up and down the sides of the monkey house. "Just look at them eat those peanuts," said Dick. "See how fast they tear the shell off the peanut with their teeth!"

There were many kinds of animals: a baby bear, a mother animal that carried her little baby in a pocket, some cows with bumps on their backs, and some spotted animals with great long necks.

"Just see how those animals reach way up to the top of the trees to chew off the leaves up there!" Allen said.

"Oh, see the mountain goats!" Betty pointed to another pen. "Just look at them run up to the top of that hill in their pen." One of the goats came to the wire fence and begged for a peanut. The children pushed one through the wire, and the goat opened his mouth and showed an even set of teeth.

"What pretty teeth he has!" said Dick.

Mrs. Taylor said, "He needs them to cut off the short grass that grows high on the mountainsides."

"Oh, the wolves!" Dick ran on to the next cage. "O-o-oh! Listen to him chew on that bone. And what great big teeth he has!"

Mr. Taylor laughed. "You would need big teeth, too, if you lived on bones and the kind of food that he does."

"I'm glad I'm not a wolf," Dick laughed. "I wouldn't want great big teeth like that in my mouth."

It was so much fun to watch the bears. There was a



white bear swimming around in a big pool of water. Pieces of ice were floating in the water.

"Why do they have ice in the pool?" asked Dick.

"Polar bears are used to cold weather. They like cold water," Mr. Taylor said.

"I'm glad I'm not a white bear," Dick said. "I like warm water to swim in."

Mr. Taylor said, "Every animal is suited to its kind of life. White bears live in cold areas. The wolf you saw back there has big teeth, which he uses for tearing meat and for chewing bones. The teeth of the mountain goat were made for cutting off grass and leaves. Sometimes the grass on the high mountains is very short. The goat must have teeth that can fit together so closely that it can bite off the short grass."

Dick said, "I am so hungry I could almost eat grass."

"We'll go back to the car right now and eat our lunch," said Mrs. Taylor.

They all sat down on the grass near the car and began eating their lunch. "Oh, poor Pal," said Dick. "He is hungry."

"I forgot to bring a bone for him," Allen said.

"Well, I didn't," Dick said. "Just as I was leaving this morning, I saw our neighbor throw something in the garbage can. It was a good bone, so I asked her for it." Dick ran to the car and took something that was wrapped in a piece of paper. "Here you are, Pal," he said as he gave the dog the bone.

Betty laughed as she watched the dog. "What a silly dog to keep chewing the bone when there is no meat on it!"

Mr. Taylor spoke, "Oh, the dog is not so silly. That is the way dogs clean and sharpen their teeth."

"What?" asked Betty.

"Why, yes," he answered. "Dogs need to chew on bones. They don't use a toothbrush the way children do." Mr. Taylor looked at Dick and smiled. "But they can keep their teeth healthy by chewing on something hard."

Dick laughed. "Oh," he said, "if I could only be an animal in the zoo! I'd never have to use a toothbrush!"

Everyone smiled.

Then Mr. Taylor said, "Did you know that man is the only animal that shows his teeth when he is happy or pleased?"

"What?" Dick asked.

"Yes; man shows his teeth when he is happy or laughing. Animals show their teeth when they are angry or ready to hurt an enemy."

Betty said, "That lion that growled at me showed his teeth. Oh, his teeth looked terrible!"

Mr. Taylor went on, "You see, children, we can smile. We can show pleasure. A set of good-looking teeth helps us to look better. Everyone needs good *clean* teeth. Just remember"—he turned to smile at Dick—"the animals you saw today don't need their teeth to make them good looking."

Dick smiled, "I am really glad I'm not one of them."

All at once the children heard loud growls over at the zoo. The growls grew louder and louder. "Oh, the lions are angry," said Dick.

"Now the wild dogs and wolves are barking," said Allen.

"What an awful noise!" said Betty. "I would be scared if the animals were not in cages. Isn't it time to go and see the lions now?"

"That's right, it is," Mr. Taylor said as he looked at his watch.

The group started for the lion cages. As they walked along, they noticed many people going in the same direction. This gave them the assurance they were on the right path. The roar of the lions increased as they got nearer to where they were going. Soon they came in sight of the crowd at the cages.







COLOR PHOTO BY R. M. ELDRIDGE

"Look at the elephants," exclaimed the children as they walked through the zoo. How cute all the zoo babies are, even baby elephants! This little fellow is busy eating his dinner, so he can grow big like his mother.

## Watching the Lions

A LARGE crowd of people were already waiting by the lion cages when the children got there. Allen said, "I know it will be interesting."

Then a boy who was standing by Allen said, "Yes, it will be. I come here often to see the lions do their tricks."

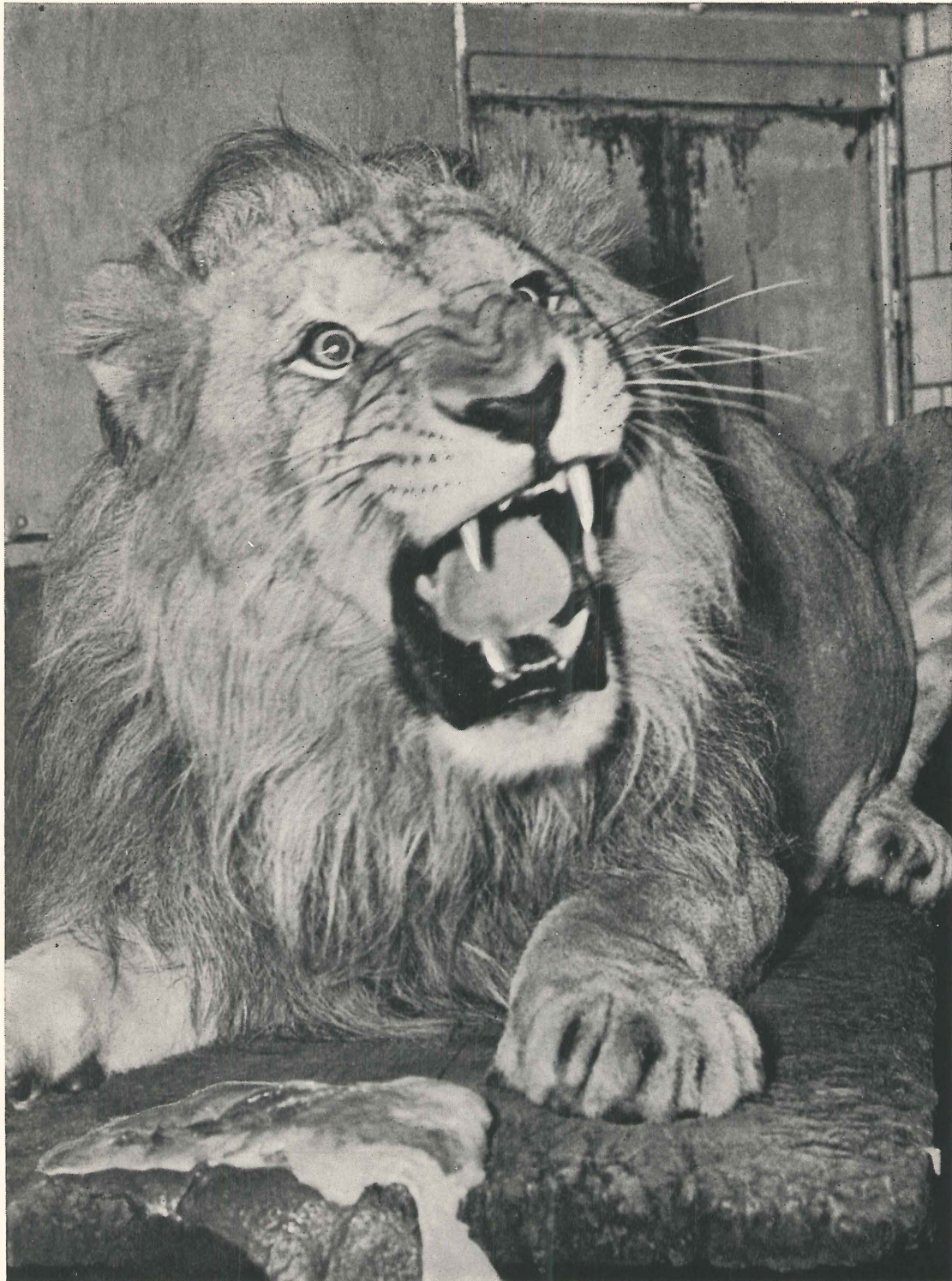
One large cage was empty, and most of the people were waiting near it. Soon the children saw a man, who was dressed in a bright green suit, step into the cage. He held a whip in one hand and a chair in the other. The man said a few words to the crowd and then told his helpers to open the doors to the cages.

In dashed the great lions, like a pack of giant wildcats. They were growling and biting at one another. The man snapped his whip and shouted at the lions. Each lion jumped to his own box and sat down.

Then the man shouted again. The lions jumped down, one at a time, and climbed up on other boxes on the other side of the large cage. Some climbed high up on the tallest boxes, others sat down on lower boxes. Soon all the lions were sitting quietly.

The people clapped.





ACME

This lion knows it is dinnertime. His stomach is his clock, and it tells him what time it is. Children's stomachs would do this for them, too, if they didn't spoil their clocks by eating between meals and at all hours of the day.

The lions did many other tricks. Some jumped over a rope, one pushed a little wagon, another walked on a tight wire, some jumped through hoops.

"Oh, that was fun!" the children said.

"May we come again sometime?" Dick asked Mr. Taylor.

He smiled and answered, "Of course we will come again. But now we want to see the men feed the lions."

As the children followed Mr. Taylor, they came to some other lion cages. "Oh, see how excited they are!" said the children. "They shake the cages. They growl and try to bite the bars. They look as if they would like to eat a person up."

The guard said, "These lions know it is dinnertime. We always feed them at four in the afternoon. About half an hour before, they begin to get excited."

The children saw some men throw large pieces of meat into the cages.

Walking down past those cages, the children came to one in which a lion was lying down and was very quiet. "The poor thing; he must be sick," said Dick.

The guide heard Dick and said quickly, "No, children, that lion is not sick. He is just as healthy as the rest."

"Well, why isn't he growling and dashing around like the others?"

"Because it is not *his* mealtime. He is not fed until seven this evening. He can smell the fresh meat in the other cages, but he knows it is not his dinnertime."

The children looked at one another. They asked, "But how can lions tell when it is time for dinner? They don't have any clocks."



The guide laughed. "Lions have a clock that is better than any clock that man has made. Their clocks never run down or get broken. Their clocks are their stomachs."

"Their stomachs?" the children asked.

"Yes, their stomachs tell them what time it is; and children's stomachs would, too, if they didn't spoil their clocks by eating between meals and at all hours of the day."

Later, when the children were sitting down on some long benches, Betty said, "We learned something about *stomachs* from the lions."

Mrs. Taylor said, "Our stomachs are like wonderful clocks. Children as well as lions should have a proper time to eat each meal."

Allen said, "I always get hungry just before noon."

"That is your stomach's way of telling you that it wants some food."

Dick wanted to know, "What does a stomach do with the food?"

"Well, there are seven parts in digestion. *First*, we chew our food. That is the first part in digestion.

"*Second*, we swallow the food that has been softened by the chewing. The food goes down a soft tube in our throat.

"*Third*, the food goes into the stomach, which is 'shaped like a duck without a head.'

"*Fourth*, in from two to four hours the food goes out of the stomach into a long, curling tube.

"*Fifth*, some of the food is put away in the body, and will be used later.

"*Sixth*, part of the food is changed into something



like water, and this goes through the thin walls of the curling tube. Then this is carried to all the parts of the body.

"*Seventh*, the food that is not used is thrown off."

Betty spoke, "I did not know there were seven parts in digestion."

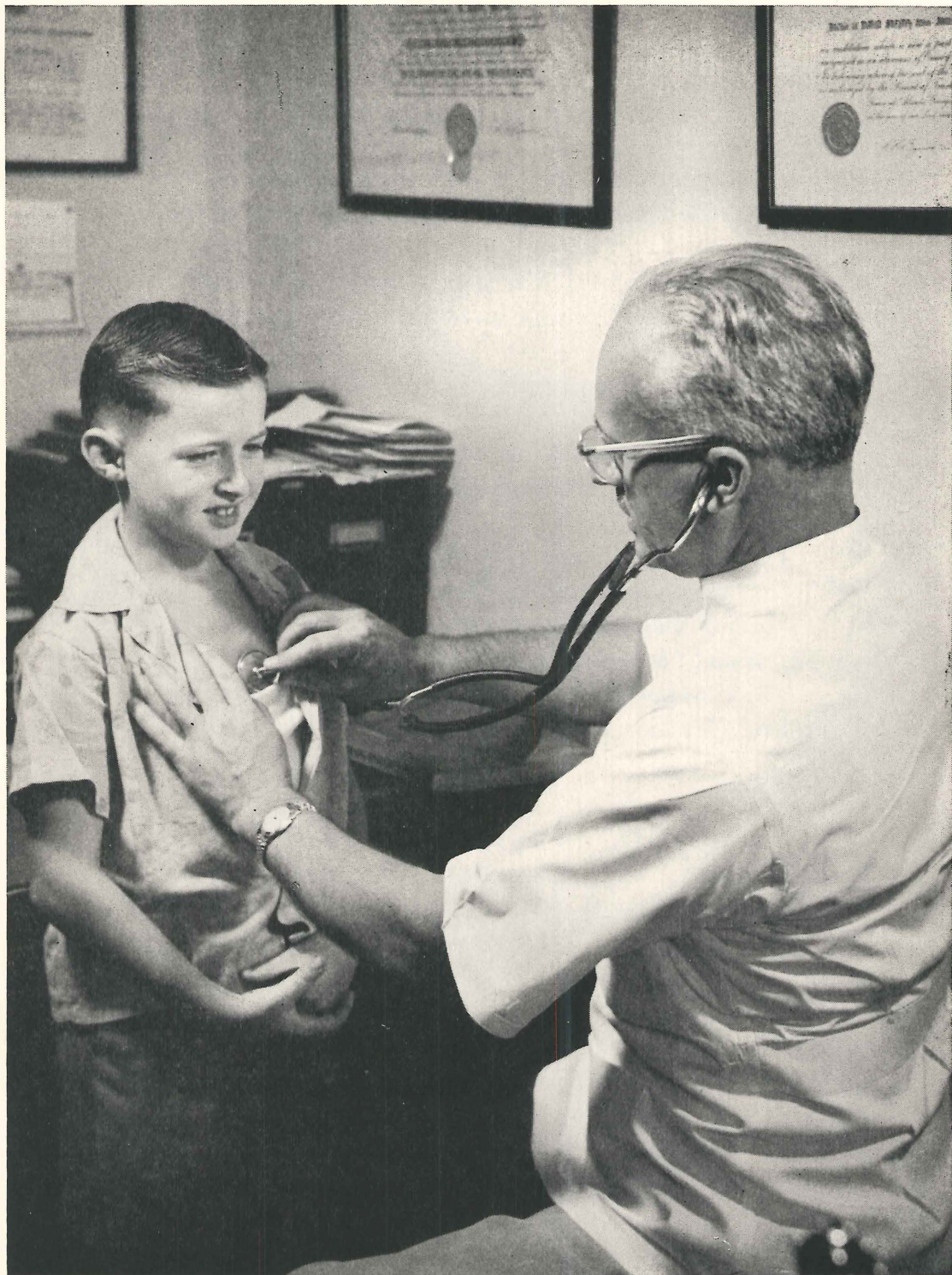
Allen said, "One of our Club rules is: *Do not eat between meals.*"

Betty said, "Now I know why the Club has that rule. I will think of the lions when I might want to eat between meals."

The children looked toward the gates of the zoo. "What are those men doing there?" they asked.

"I think they are getting ready to close the gates," Mr. Taylor said. "It is time for us to go home."

The children said, "Thank you so much for bringing us here. We have had a good time!"



S. C. ELDRIDGE

Dick visited the doctor for a physical checkup.

## Checking Up on Dick

AT THE breakfast table the next morning, Betty and Allen were telling Father and Mother about the good day they had at the zoo with the Taylors.

"Did Dick have a good time, too?" Allen's mother asked.

"Oh, yes, he did. It made us glad to see how happy he was. It was the first time he had ever seen a beach and the first time he had ever been to a zoo."

"The Taylors are helping him," Allen's mother said.

"Yes, and he is helping them, too," Father said. "I can see it in their eyes. They are learning to love that boy!"

"We think so, too," the children agreed. "You should see how kind they are to Dick and how much he thinks of them. It shows in the way he acts."

Betty remarked, "Oh, I wish they would take him as their own son, then he would never have to go back to the orphans' home."

The telephone rang. Mrs. Taylor was calling for Allen.

Allen answered it. "Why, yes, Mrs. Taylor, I will be glad to do that," he said. When he came back to the table,



he told them, "She wants me to take Dick to the doctor this morning. She has to go with Mr. Taylor on a business trip."

"Is Dick sick?" Betty asked.

"No, he isn't sick. Mrs. Taylor wants him to have a checkup by the doctor. I will be glad to take him."

When the nurse in the office told the boys it was their turn, they walked through the door and met a tall man wearing a white coat. Allen said, "Dr. Brown, this is Dick Alder. He lives next door to me."

"Good morning, Dick," the doctor smiled. "I'm glad to see a strong boy like you. Do you like to play games—ball games and running games?"

"Oh, sure!" Dick said.

The doctor hung something on his neck and had Dick sit down in a chair. "I think we should check your heart, Dick. We want to know if your heart is strong. Sometimes we find a child who does not have a strong heart. Then we can tell him the kind of games that are best for him to play. Fast games should not be played by children who have weak hearts."

The doctor listened to Dick's heart and said, "Sounds fine to me. You have a strong heart. Go right ahead and play any game you want to, Dick, only remember to stop and rest when you get tired."

Next, the doctor looked into Dick's nose, his mouth, and his throat. "Throat all right," he said to the nurse, who was writing down all that the doctor said. "But those teeth need some care. I tell you what, Dick, you should go to a dentist. I think your teeth need to be cleaned. Anyway, boys and girls should go twice a year to see a dentist."

Dick said, "I heard the Taylors say they were going to send me to the dentist."

"Fine, fine," the doctor said. "Now, let's see how tall Dick is and how much he weighs."

Dick stepped up to be weighed.

"Almost right," the doctor said when he looked at a weight chart on the wall. "Only a little underweight, and maybe you are the thin type of boy anyway. But remember to eat all the good food Mrs. Taylor gives you, and drink *lots of milk*."

Next, the doctor took a tiny light and looked into Dick's ears. "Ah, just fine here, too. I see you keep them clean," the doctor laughed.

"And I never put anything into my ears smaller than a finger and a washrag," Dick replied.

"Good for you, Boy. Where did you learn that?"

"From our Health Club."

"I wish more boys and girls belonged to that Club. Why, just look at you two boys; you are so neat and clean. You stand tall; your bones will grow straight."

The doctor tapped Dick's knees with a funny little hammer. "Ah, that is good, too," he said. "Now let's check with the chart over there." He pointed to the wall.

The nurse stood by a big chart that was hanging on the wall. She pointed to a row of letters.

"See if you can read those for me," the doctor said.

"Sure, I can," Dick answered quickly. "I can read."

The doctor laughed, "Of course, Dick. We know you can read. It is your eyes that we are checking on."

Dick could read the large letters, but some of the smaller letters were not plain.

Dr. Brown said slowly, "I think it would be well to have Dr. Whiteman check your eyes."

"Can't you do it?" Dick asked.

"Oh, yes, I could, Dick. But Dr. Whiteman is a doctor who has given special study to the eyes and knows how to care for them."

Allen took Dick to Dr. Whiteman's office, and they waited for their turn. The doctor had Dick sit in a chair. Then he asked him to read more letters on a big chart. He put a bright light by Dick's eyes. "I want to look inside your eyes," the doctor said. Next the doctor rubbed his fingers over Dick's closed eyes. He had Dick turn his head to the left and right and tell what he could see on a big, black chart.

Dick told the doctor that some of the letters on the chart were not plain.

Then the doctor put some glasses on Dick. "Now you may look through these glasses and read the chart," the doctor said.

"Oh, I can read so much better," Dick said with happy surprise. "The letters look all right now."

"Your right eye is weak," the doctor replied. "I will make a pair of glasses; they will be helpful when you read. After you wear them for awhile, I think your eyes will be strong enough so that you will not need glasses any more. Be sure to come back in a few months."

As the boys were walking home, Dick said, "I'm glad the doctor checked my eyes. I want to take good care of them."

"Mr. and Mrs. Taylor are kind to you," Allen said.

"Oh, yes, they are, and I like them," Dick replied.



## Dick Goes to the Shoeshop

WHERE are you going?" Allen called to Dick, who was walking past his house with Mr. Taylor.

"We're going down to the shoeshop, Allen," he answered.

"Come and go with us," Mr. Taylor said.

"Wait till I get my cap," Allen said, and he ran back into the house.

The three were walking to town, and they talked about shoes. "I think Dick's shoes are too small, and anyway he needs a new pair," Mr. Taylor was saying.

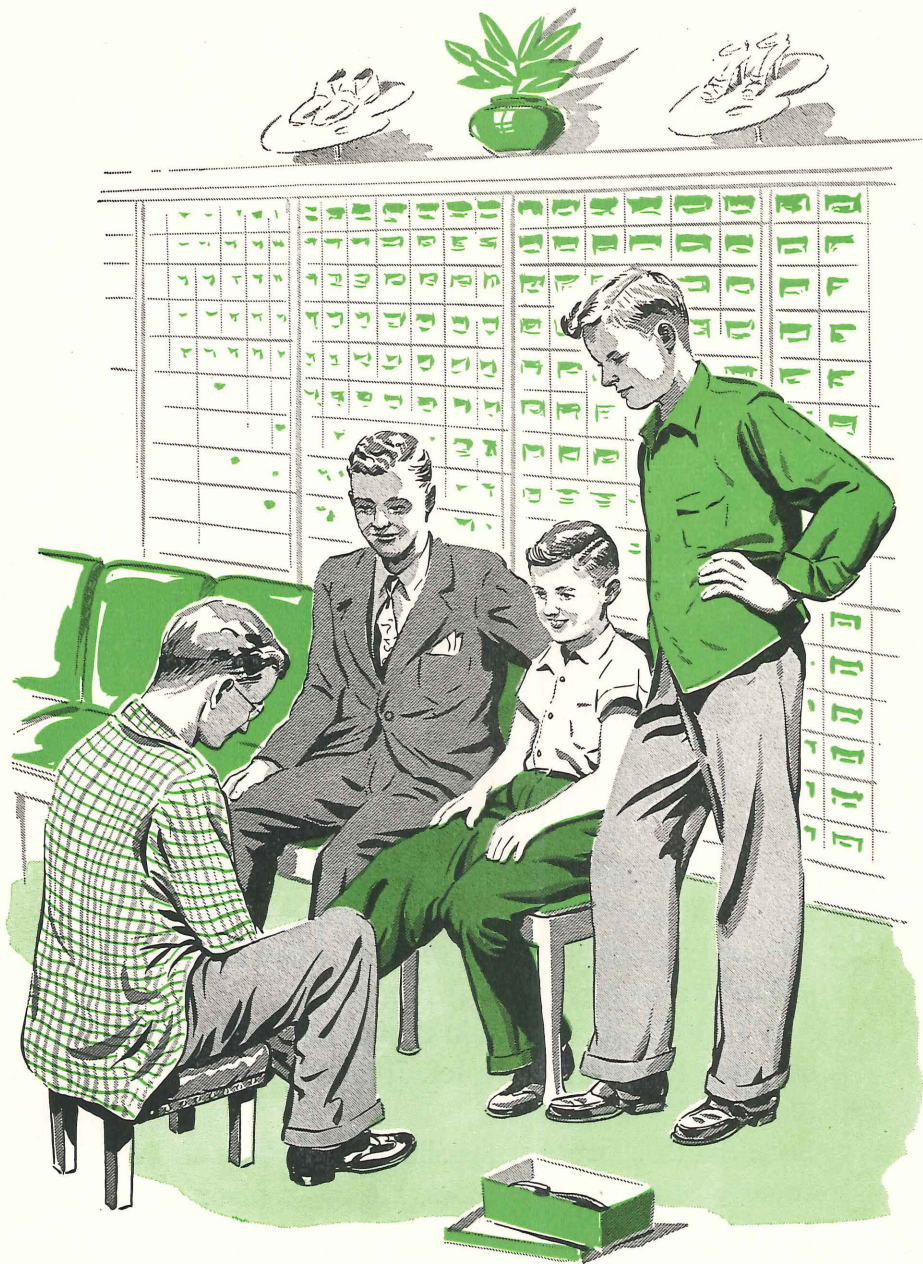
"What kind are you going to get?" Allen asked.

"Don't know yet," Dick answered.

Mr. Taylor said, "The main thing to think about shoes is not what kind or what color. It is the *fit* of the shoes that counts."

Soon the three were at the shoe store. The man in the store showed them some shoes. He put a black pair on Dick. He asked, "How do these fit, young man?"

"You should stand up and take a few steps," Mr. Taylor said. "The bones in our feet spread out when we



When Dick was fitted for shoes, the shoe man told him his shoes must be long enough and wide enough so his feet would not feel pinched anywhere.

stand and walk, and one cannot always tell if a shoe fits just by sitting down and trying one on."

Dick stood up and took a few steps. He said, "I think these feel too tight for my toes."

The man put some other shoes on Dick, and they were the right size.

While the clerk was gone to wrap up the shoes, Dick asked Mr. Taylor, "How many bones do I have in my feet?"

Mr. Taylor answered, "You have twenty-six bones in each foot. Some of the bones are long and thin, and some of the bones are not larger than beans."

Allen whispered, "Look at that woman over there. She is trying on a pair of shoes that have low heels."

Mr. Taylor said, "That is a good shoe for walking. One should wear shoes that have low, broad heels, for then the weight of the body is held up by all the bones in the feet. A good shoe has a straight line from toe to heel on the inside. That gives your foot room to walk in the right way. If the toe of the shoe is pointed, it means your toes will be pushed together."

The man came to Dick and gave him a shoe box that was wrapped. "How about socks for *your boy*?" the man asked.

Dick looked up at Mr. Taylor and smiled to hear the man call him "your boy."

"Oh, yes, we almost forgot socks," Mr. Taylor answered. "Yes, we want some."

The man said, "Come over here and pick out what you want."

"Oh, I want those bright green ones," Dick said.



Mr. Taylor said, "We should see what size they are first. The size of socks and of stockings is the main thing to remember. Socks should be large enough, but not too large. If they are too long or if they are too short, they will hurt your feet. Here, take these two pairs, Dick. They are your right size."

"Oh, they are bright green, too," he smiled.

As the three were walking back toward home, Mr. Taylor said, "You boys run on ahead, then turn around and walk back toward me."

"Why?" Dick asked.

"I want to see if you are walking properly," he answered.

The boys did as he said and came walking back toward him.

"Ah, very well, boys. I see that you keep your toes pointed straight ahead as you walk. That is the way Indians do, and they are known as good walkers. They point their toes forward when they walk, and this helps keep their feet in good shape."

Allen said, "Thank you for telling us that, Mr. Taylor. I am going to talk about shoes and feet at our next Club meeting."

"By the way, Allen, how is that Club coming along?"

"Oh, we are still having good times at our meetings, and I had a letter from Aunt Madge saying that she plans to be here soon."

"Well, I'm sure your Club members will be glad to have her come."

## At the Dentist's Office

DICK was standing by Allen's gate. He had been playing with Allen, and now it was time to go home. Yet he did not go on through the gate. He just stood there.

Allen said to him, "Is anything wrong, Dick?"

"No, I guess not," the boy answered.

Allen walked over to him. "I know there is; why don't you tell me?"

Dick answered slowly, "The Taylors want me to go to the dentist's office next week."

"Well, why so sad about that?" Allen asked him. "He'll clean your teeth and make them look good."

Dick then asked, "Does it hurt a lot?"

"Hurt!" Allen smiled. "O Dick, what made you think it would hurt?"

"I don't know," the boy answered. "I've never been to a dentist before."

"Well, Dick, I'm glad that you told me how you feel. No, Dick, you don't need to worry about going to the dentist's office. He will use something that makes a whirling sound, but it won't hurt. Anyway, if a person does





S. C. ELDRIDGE

Dr. Baker, the dentist, smiled at Dick and asked, "Where did you get such a nice, even set of teeth? I know you didn't buy them at the store."



have to be hurt a little bit, it's much better than to let his teeth get bad."

Dick was smiling now. "I guess you are right, Allen. I didn't want to say anything to the Taylors. They are so good to me."

"We have always thought a lot of them," Allen agreed.

Dick went on talking. He seemed to have something he wanted to talk about. He said, "I guess you know where I used to live?"

Allen nodded.

"Well, at first when I came here to spend the summer with the Taylors, I was afraid you children would say things to hurt me. But you've all been kind. Why, you and Betty have been like a brother and a sister. Now it is getting to the end of the summer, and maybe I will have to go back there." There were tears in Dick's eyes.

Allen said quickly, "We hope you can stay right on with the Taylors. We like you so much."

"And I like you," Dick said with a break in his voice.

"Say, Dick," Allen asked, "want me to go with you to the dentist's office next week?"

Dick smiled and nodded.

"I'll be seeing you then," Allen called as he turned back to the house. He heard Dick close the gate, and then he heard Dick whistle a tune.

When it was time to go into the dentist's office, Dick walked right in, and Allen knew his friend was not afraid any more.

Dr. Baker smiled at Dick and asked, "Where did you get such a nice, even set of teeth? I know you didn't buy them at a store."

Dick was smiling, too. He said, "Since I joined the *Wings of Health Club*, I am trying to remember to brush my teeth every morning and every night."

"Good for you," said the doctor. He looked carefully at Dick's teeth. "My young man, you have done more than brush your teeth, for it takes more than that to have such good teeth as you have. I know that you have been eating the kinds of food that help to make good teeth."

"I like fruits and vegetables," Dick said.

"Ah, that is good. You know, young man, your teeth are living parts of your body. They need good food and proper care. Like the other parts of your body, your teeth are made of the food you eat. Look at those pictures on this chart. I know you eat some of these foods every day."

The boys saw pictures of bottles of milk, milk puddings, cheese, many kinds of vegetables, eggs, nuts, grains, peas, beans, and whole-wheat bread.

Allen said to Dick with a smile in his eye, "I don't see a picture of candy up there."

"No, you don't," the doctor laughed. "Children who eat just a little candy have healthy teeth. Remember, if you ever have hard candy, don't try to break it with your teeth; for your teeth might break and not the candy. Chewing on hard things or trying to crack nut shells may hurt your teeth."

The doctor said, "Now I will clean your teeth for you."

"But, Doctor, I brushed them this morning," Dick said.

"Of course you did, young man, but there are spots that stay on your teeth that brushing cannot take off. Everyone should go to a dentist at least twice a year."

Dick opened his mouth, and the doctor used his tools to clean away the spots on the boy's teeth.

"Now, here is a looking glass," Dr. Baker said as he handed the boy a small one.

"Oh, my teeth look white now," he exclaimed. "Thank you, Dr. Baker." He jumped down from the chair.

"Just a minute before you go," Dr. Baker said. "Don't think you should stop brushing your teeth now, because I cleaned them. Keep right on with your brushing after meals and at bedtime. Remember that your gums need to be brushed, too, and that chewing helps to give fresh blood to the teeth."

The doctor picked up a toothbrush and showed Dick how to brush his teeth properly. "Brush in circles—*up* for the bottom teeth and *down* for the top teeth. It's a good plan to have two brushes, so that one can be used for night brushing and the other for day brushing. Then each brush has time to be properly dried. I'm sure you always remember to wash out your brush and then put it in a clean, dry place."

Allen spoke. "Dr. Baker, I am going to tell our Club about these things you have said."

The doctor said, "Wish I had had a club like that when I was a boy."

"We do have lots of fun," Dick said as he and Allen went out the door.





H. A. ROBERTS

Dick will always remember the boating at summer camp.

## Happy Days at Summer Camp

ONE evening Allen said to his sister, "I just remembered that tomorrow is the last day to get in our letters about boys' summer camp. I wonder if the Taylors will send Dick? I wonder if he is going to stay here that long?"

"Why don't you ask them? Then you could help Dick write his letter."

Allen asked the Taylors, and they said that of course they wanted Dick to go. The next few days were busy ones and happy ones, too. Every time Dick came over, he asked Allen some more questions about the summer camp. "I've never been to one, you know."

"Oh, summer camps are lots of fun!" Allen said. "And they are good for a person, too. It is good to be out-of-doors and to breathe mountain air."

On the night before they were to leave, Allen went over to Dick's house. "Please check over my things, Allen," Dick asked. "I think I have everything that I will need."

Allen looked at Dick's bed, where he had put his camp things. "Let me see," he said. "Here's soap, and



here's your toothbrush. Then here are your clothes. Yes, that's right. You have enough so you can change into clean ones. I see that you are taking clothes made of strong cloth. That's good, because camping out is rough on clothes."

"Here are my shoes. They have low, flat heels."

"Did you put in some dark glasses?"

"Oh, yes, I did. When we go hiking in the bright sunshine, I will need them. And I've my old sun hat, too," Dick said.

"You have only one light coat here. I think you should take another one. Sometimes the evenings turn cold up in the mountains, and you want a coat heavy enough to keep you warm. Oh, yes, I see your sleeping bag. I know we will sleep well up there in the fresh air. We need from eight to ten hours of sleep every night."

Dick pointed to a small tin box. "That is the first-aid box Mrs. Taylor thought I should take."

"Fine! I see something for mosquito bites and for poison oak. I hope you don't catch poison oak. As soon as we get up there, I will point out the poison oak plant to you, so you will know what it is, and then you won't touch it."

Allen found something that made him smile. He said, "I see you have remembered your drinking cup."

Dick laughed, too. "Oh, yes I have, and I'll remember to drink only water that is clean and watch for signs saying that water is safe for drinking."

"You are a good camper already," Allen said as he left.

It was a bright warm morning when Allen and Dick climbed onto the truck that was already full of happy



boys. There were shouts and calls as the truck rolled away.

In the hot afternoon the truck stopped to get water and gas. The boys climbed out, glad to stretch their arms and legs. Many went to the store to buy drinks. "A lemon or orange drink for us," said Allen as he and Dick sat down at a small table. "You remember the nurse said some kinds of drinks are not good for us."

"I guess most of these boys don't have a *Wings of Health Club*," said Dick, looking around. "They seem to like some of these things that are not so good for people."

In the late afternoon the bus went up a mountain road, and the noisy group of boys enjoyed the fresh, cool air.

"We are almost there," called out a tall boy near the front. "Come on, boys, let's sing." And the boys sang loudly.

They were still singing when the truck pulled up by the cookhouse of the summer camp.

Early the next morning the sound of the bugle awoke the hundred sound-sleeping boys, and in a few minutes they were ready to wash and clean up. Later, they all stood in a straight row as someone raised the flag.

Then they all sang a song about the flag.

Next, the long line of boys marched to the dining tables. Before sitting down to a hot breakfast, they sang:

"Father, we thank Thee for the night  
And for the pleasant morning light;  
For rest and food and loving care,  
And all that makes the world so fair."

"Whoever planned this camp knew that boys like something doing every minute," Allen said to Dick late one afternoon. He took a deep breath of mountain air.

"There is something to do almost every minute of the day, and it is all lots of fun," Dick agreed.

"How good the food is," said Dick. "The boys eat so much."

"Well, the boys don't eat ice cream or candy between meals here," said Allen. "Their stomachs get a rest, and that helps them to enjoy their meals."

Dick said, "Climbing mountains and carrying a pack all day would make anybody hungry. Oh, I'm having so much fun!"

"Let's find some of the other boys and see what they are doing," said Allen. They found some of them out under the trees at a long table. They were putting wild flowers in a big book.

One group of boys was with a leader who was telling them the names of trees. Another group was looking at pictures of birds. Their leader was saying, "Tomorrow we will try to see some of these birds."

During the next days Allen and Dick learned how to make a campfire and how to cook a camp meal. They learned how to find their way if they should be lost in the woods.

All too soon the happy days were over. At the last campfire they sang the goodnight song, and the words rose softly into the night, while the great log on the campfire sent out bright red sparks toward the stars.

All the boys went quietly to the sleeping bags, and a few minutes later the camp was still.

Then clear and soft on the night air came the voices of the camp leaders singing a last song to the boys they had learned to love:

“Day is done, gone the sun,  
From the lake, from the hills, from the sky;  
All is well, safely rest. God is nigh.”

Allen pushed down under his blankets and said half softly to Dick, who was in a sleeping bag near him, “I feel so good.”

“I do, too,” Dick said. “I’m so glad I could come here and see the mountains and be with the other boys. I feel good way down inside. Happiness I think they call it, and . . . goodnight,” his voice ended in a sleepy whisper.

Everything was quiet. Only the trees kept on with their whispering in the soft evening air.



## The Doll Show

LET'S have a doll show at our next Club meeting," suggested Betty as she and Allen were talking over plans for the Club.

"A doll show! Aw, who wants a doll show in a Health Club?" Allen asked. "Only girls would want a doll show."

Betty's eyes were twinkling. She said: "It does sound foolish. But why not let the girls take the next meeting? And I promise the doll show will have something to do with health," Betty added.

"All right," said Allen. "We boys will see what you girls can do."

On the day of the Club the boys could not go into the hobby house until time for meeting. When the girls at last unlocked the doors, the boys rushed in. They saw that the room was full of tables, and on the tables were many dolls.

There were dolls in bright dresses, dolls dressed in old-time clothes, and dolls dressed to look like people who live in faraway parts of the world.

Betty was leader of the meeting. First, the members sang the Club song and then marked their health cards.

Betty began the meeting: "This may look like a doll show to you boys, but it is more than that. These dolls will teach us something about health."

The boys were smiling, for they could not understand what dolls had to do with health.

Betty said: "What we are going to talk about today has to do with health, with the weather, with the sunshine, and with the rain. It is about the part of the world in which we live, and about our hearts and our blood. And even about our good looks."

"Oh!" said Dick. "It must be very interesting!"

Mary stepped up to give her talk. She held two dolls and said: "This doll is dressed as an Eskimo child. It is dressed in warm fur clothes. In the cold countries of the North, the Eskimo children must dress in warm clothes because the weather is so cold.

"This other doll is dressed as a girl who lives in the Islands where it is warm. See, she is dressed in loose, light clothes. Her dress is made of light cloth. This girl is dressed for hot weather.

"A person's clothes should suit the kind of weather where he lives. In winter a person should dress in warm clothes. In summer he should dress in light and loose and cool clothes."

Next, one of the other girls went to the tables and held up a doll that was dressed as a boy. The doll had on a raincoat, rubbers over his shoes, and a rain hat.

Jane said: "When it is raining, and one has to go outside, he should wear clothes that will keep him dry. When he comes back inside, he should take off his raincoat, his rain hat, and his rubbers."



"These dolls will teach us something about health. A person's clothes should fit the kind of weather where he lives. This Eskimo doll is dressed for cold weather. The other doll of the South Sea Islands is dressed for warm weather."



Betty was the next girl. She held up two dolls that were dressed as a man and a boy would who lived a long time ago. The little boy doll was dressed like the man doll, only his clothes were much smaller. The man and the boy had on queer shirts, short pants, silk vests, and long coats.

"A long time ago children dressed like old people," Betty went on to say, "but this was not good for them. Children should not dress in heavy and tight clothes. These keep them from running while they play. In summer children need sun suits, swimming suits, and light, loose clothes."

Alice then stepped over to the tables and picked up a little girl doll dressed in a nightgown and a little boy doll dressed in pajamas. She said: "Children need the right clothes to wear while sleeping at night. They should not wear the same clothes at night that they wear during the day.

"At night they should take off their day clothes and hang them up to air out. All underclothes that are worn during the daytime should be changed often. Clean underclothes should be put on at least twice a week. In summer-time socks and stockings should be changed every day. Clean clothes help a person to have good health."

Then some of the smaller girls went to a table and held up two dolls. One of the girls said, "These dolls are ready to go on a camping trip. They are wearing high-top boots. Their legs will not get hurt by snakes or bugs, and they won't get scratched or hurt by rocks or sharp sticks. These dolls have on long sleeves that will help protect their arms. See their sun hats. These help shade their eyes from the bright sun."

By this time there were only two dolls left on the tables. Betty stepped over and picked them up. One was a girl and the other a boy—dressed ready to go to school.

Betty said: "Today we have learned that clothes are used for protection from hot and cold weather, from the rain and the bright sun, from scratches and from bugs and snakes.

"Clothes also help to make one look nice. A child dressed in clothes of the right color and style looks nicer than a child who is dressed in dirty and ugly clothes. We should all try to wear right kinds of clothes."

The boys clapped and cheered for the girls. Allen stood and spoke: "Thank you, girls, for the interesting things you have told us today. The doll show has been good for us. From now on we will think more about clothes."

After all the Club members had gone home, and only Betty and Allen were left in the hobby house, Allen asked, "Have you noticed the nice, new clothes that the Taylors have been buying for Dick?"

"Yes, I have," she answered. "They must be getting his clothes ready for school. I am wondering if he will stay with them."

"It looks more and more as if they plan to keep him," Allen said. "And how I hope they do!"

## Smoke Head, Poison Head, and Johnny Strong Boy

THE smile on Allen's face made the Club members think that he had a surprise. All the Club members were ready, waiting for the meeting to start. Then Allen said, "Today we have a surprise for you."

"Oh, goody," whispered the children.

"You couldn't guess what it is," Allen went on, "so I might as well tell you. The person who helped us start the Club is going to be here today."

"Is it Aunt Madge?" the children whispered.

The door was opened, and in walked Aunt Madge. The Club members all clapped.

Aunt Madge stood by the table and smiled. "I am glad to see you, *Wings of Health Club* members. Betty and Allen have been writing about you, and now I am happy to meet you." The children were all listening.

"Today I have something special to talk over with you, something that you haven't yet talked about in any of your meetings."

The children wondered what it could be. They could not think of anything that they hadn't yet talked about.



Aunt Madge put a small bag on the table beside her. "In here," she said, "I have three boys."

The children cried, "Three boys?"

"Not really-truly boys," Aunt Madge went on to say. "But they are like three *kinds* of boys, or persons. Today I am going to leave *one* of these boys with you, but I don't know which one you will want. In a few minutes you may choose which of the boys you want. Then you may hang him on the wall and look at him each day."

The children could hardly wait to see the boys.

Aunt Madge opened the bag and took out a big boy made of cardboard. Everyone laughed to see the *boy*. "This boy's name is Smoke Head," she said. "He smokes cigarettes, and his head is full of holes. Why, look at these holes!" She held up the cardboard boy so they could see how his head was full of holes.

"Smoke Head used to be a bright boy, could do his schoolwork faster than any other boy, and could play all kinds of games. But since he smokes, his poor body and his brain are having a hard time. You see, tobacco has in it a harmful poison. This poison is hurting Smoke Head's entire body. His *heart* has to work faster. His *stomach* and other parts of his body are not being helped either. The nerves that take care of his body are being harmed, too.

"Smoke Head cannot play ball as well as he did before he started to smoke, and when he tries to play other games, he is not so strong as he should be."

The children said, "We don't want you to leave Smoke Head!"

Aunt Madge said, "I didn't think you would. Of course,

Smoke Head is only a cardboard boy, but a really-truly boy would harm his body if he smoked tobacco.”

The children were nodding their heads.

“Now I want to ask a question. *How many of you want to be like Smoke Head?*”

Not one member held up his hand! The children all shook their heads. They didn’t want to be like him.

“Well, I’ll put him right back in the bag. I know you don’t even want this boy near your clubhouse.”

The members watched. Soon they saw Aunt Madge take another cardboard boy from the bag. But something was wrong with this boy’s head. It was all out of shape.

“This boy’s name is Poison Head. He used to be a good boy, and he had a head like any other boy. But now look at his head. It isn’t like a head at all, for it is so out of shape. We call him Poison Head because he *drank so much poison!*”

One boy in the club spoke up, “What made him drink the poison?”

Aunt Madge answered, “Maybe he did not know he was drinking poison. Maybe no one told him. But after he started drinking it, he couldn’t stop.”

“Aw, he was silly to drink poison,” said another boy. “Anyone knows that poison is bad.”

“It was this way,” Aunt Madge said. “When he first began to drink, he was told that a little *beer* would not hurt. He did not know that there was enough poison, or alcohol, in that first glass of beer to harm him. He kept drinking it every day until he could not stop drinking. He wanted to stop, but he could not!

“After a while he began to drink poison that was even

more harmful than beer. The poison harmed his stomach, his heart, his nerves, and his brain. Now he can't remember things as he should. Sometimes he doesn't know what he is doing!"

All the children said together, "We don't want Poison Head!"

"That is good. I didn't want you to keep him, for he makes me think of some people who drink liquor. A person can't drink alcohol without doing harm to his body.

"Dr. Charles Mayo, a well-known doctor, said: 'You can get along with a wooden leg, but you can't get along with a wooden head. It is the brain that counts, but in order that your brain may be kept clear, you must keep your body fit and well. This cannot be done if one drinks liquor.'"

Aunt Madge said, "Now I want to ask you children another question, *How many of you want to be like Poison Head?*"

Not a child held up his hand. All the children shook their heads.

"That is wonderful. I was sure that none of you wanted to be like him. I'll put *him* back in the bag."

Aunt Madge then took out another cardboard boy, saying, "This boy's name is Johnny Strong Boy."

The children could see that he was a strong, fine-looking boy. His head was well shaped.

"This boy," said Aunt Madge, "is strong and well. He has a good brain. He keeps all the rules of the Club. He is careful of what he eats. He works and plays and then rests. He never takes any liquor or tobacco into his body.



He keeps his body clean and strong by never drinking alcohol and by not smoking. His brain is not hurt in any way. He is going to be a strong man when he grows up—a man his country will be proud to own.”

“We want to keep Johnny Strong Boy,” the Club members called out. “We want Johnny Strong Boy to stay with us.”

“Now,” said Aunt Madge, “I want to ask you another question, *How many of you want to be like Johnny Strong Boy?*”

“We do! We do!” the children shouted as they all held up their hands.

“That is wonderful. I thought you would want this boy. Here, I am going to pin him on the wall in the front of the room. You may look at him every day; then he will help you to remember that good, strong children never use tobacco or liquor.”

The children nodded.

“One more thing, Club members, before I leave. Here is a promise that I would like each of you to keep. I will give each one a card, and you may write your name on the card.”

This was what the card said:

*I promise never to use tobacco and  
never to use liquor, or other alcoholic  
drinks of any kind.*

-----Name

“You may take this card home and put it on the wall where you can see it every day.”

Each Club member took a card and wrote his name.

## Anti-tobacco Pledge

**For the sake of strength and purity, I promise, with the help of God, never to use tobacco in any form, and to help others to abstain from its use.**

Name.....

Date.....19...

"If sinners entice thee, consent thou not." Prov. 1:10.

## Temperance Pledge

**R**EMEMBERING that "every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things" and realizing the importance of having my mind and body in the best possible condition in order to measure to life's responsibilities, I therefore promise, with the help of God, to abstain from all alcoholic beverages and to try to influence others to do the same.

Name .....

Date ..... 19.....

Do YOU want to be like Johnny Strong Boy? Then Aunt Madge invites YOU to write your name on *these cards*, which are just like those the Wings of Health Club members signed. Then whenever you see them in this book, you will remember that good, strong children never use tobacco or liquor.

Aunt Madge continued her talk to the Club members. She said, "I know every one of you Club members will want to be like Johnny Strong Boy. I am sure you will want strong bodies and good minds. I am proud of you. I do not need to tell you your teachers are also proud of you. Of this I am sure. If you develop strong bodies and strong minds, your fathers and mothers will be proud of you, too. Your country and your God will be proud of you."

The children listened attentively. When Aunt Madge was through speaking, all were quiet and thoughtful. Everyone felt that his choice of Johnny Strong Boy was a good one.



## Dick Finds a Hobby

ALLEN'S mother told Aunt Madge about Dick and how he came to live with the Taylors. "We think they are going to keep him," she said, "and we will be very happy if they do."

Aunt Madge replied, "I am glad to know that Betty and Allen have been so friendly with him. I like to see children be kind to one another. Dick is such a good boy. I do hope the Taylors can keep him."

Betty and Allen came running into the room. "What can we do for Club meeting tomorrow, Aunt Madge? We would like to do something new."

Aunt Madge thought for a minute and then said, "Why not go for a walk into the country? Walking is good, you know. We use about three hundred muscles when we walk."

"I don't know much about muscles," Allen answered, "but I do know that the Club members will like to go for a walk."

All the members were told to be ready by ten the next morning. Each was to have a sack lunch ready to take, for they would eat in the country.

But the next morning when the children woke up they heard rain coming down on the roof. It was dark and cloudy. Soon the storm clouds were rolling across the sky.

"Oh, dear," Betty said at the breakfast table. "I guess we can't go walking on a day like this."

For a while Betty and Allen sat by the window looking outside at the rain coming down. Soon Dick came over from his house, and he too sat down by the window and watched the rain. The three children were not happy.

Aunt Madge came into the room and saw them by the window. "Why, you queer Club members! What is the trouble?" she asked.

Dick answered, "We can't go walking in the rain!"

Aunt Madge laughed. "Well, I guess there is something I haven't talked to the Club about yet. Did you ever hear that old saying, 'Don't cry over spilled milk'?"

The children said they had.

"That means that it doesn't pay to sit around and worry over something that we cannot help. Sometimes things happen that we cannot help. You children are not helping by worrying about the rain. You are only making yourselves unhappy."

Betty asked, "But what can we do on a rainy day?"

"Well, what about that hobby house you use for a Club room? You could work on your hobbies today."

"Oh, good!" Betty and Allen said with happy voices. "That would be fun. Let's go out right now. We could telephone to the other Club members and tell them to bring their hobbies and work in our clubhouse." Allen went to the telephone, and Betty ran out to get the house ready.

But Dick only sat by the window. Aunt Madge stepped over to him and asked in a kind voice, "What is the trouble, Dick?"

"I don't know what a hobby is, and I don't have one."

She smiled and patted his arm. "A hobby is something you do just for fun. It may be what you like to do when you have time to use as you please. Most hobbies are good for our minds and make us feel better."

Dick listened to every word Aunt Madge said.

She went on, "I once read in a book about hobbies. It said that our brains need to rest as well as our bodies. We need play for our brains. That is what a hobby is—play for the brain."

"I guess I don't have one," Dick said sadly. "But I wish I had a dog or that I knew more about dogs."

"Good, that could be your hobby. There are ever so many things to learn: how to take care of a dog, how to train one to obey, how to know the many kinds of dogs." She went to the bookshelf. "See, here are some books and some pictures. You can start reading right now."

"I want to learn all about collies first," he said. "I like dogs like Pal the best of all. I could make a scrapbook about collies."

Betty and Allen came back into the room. "Come with us, Dick," they said. "The other children are coming over soon."

He picked up his books about dogs and ran out with the other children.

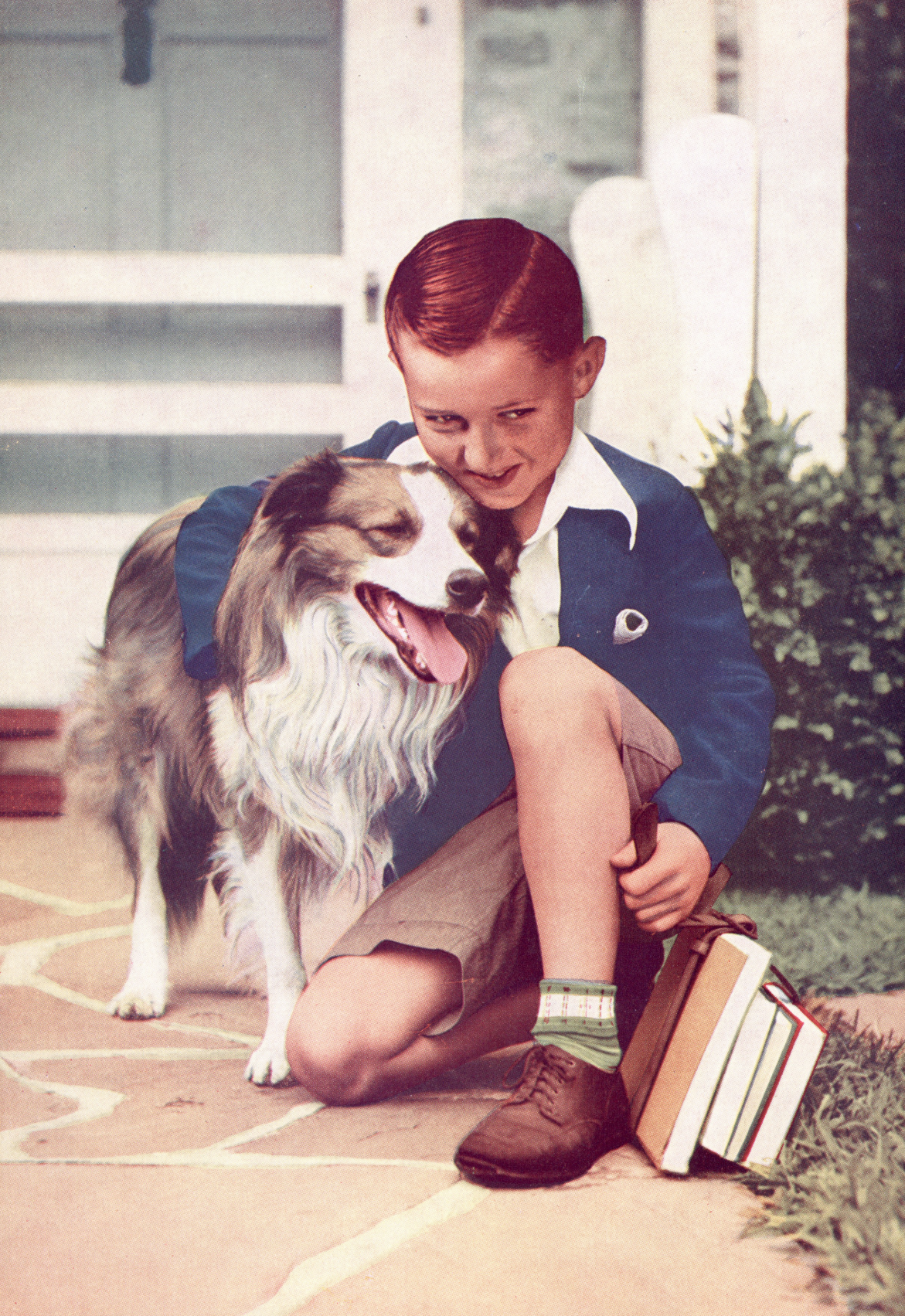
Aunt Madge turned to Allen's mother, who had been standing in the door. She said, "Poor Dick, I wish he could have a dog."



Every boy loves and admires his dog.  
Dick and Pal were the best of friends.

PHOTO BY H. A. ROBERTS







"We all do," Allen's mother said. "He loves Pal so much. I know where there is a dog that looks and acts almost like Pal, and he is for sale. But, of course, if Dick has to go back to the orphans' home, it wouldn't do to give him a dog, for he couldn't take it with him."

Out in the hobby house much work was going on. The children were busy with their hobbies. Several of the boys were making model airplanes. Some of the girls were sewing. Two of the boys were making kites, and one older boy was carving a horse from a block of soft wood.

Some children were sitting at a table and putting stamps in a stamp book. A few of the younger children were cutting out pictures and putting them in scrapbooks.

In one corner sat a little boy and two little girls carving funny-looking animals from bars of soap. They had a whole row of soap animals.

In another part of the room were three of the youngest children. They were using crayons and water colors, and were making pictures.

At noon the children ate the lunches they had planned to take on their walk. "This is as much fun as being on a picnic," they said. Outside the rain was still coming down, but nobody seemed to care.

Aunt Madge came to visit the busy hobby workers. She could see the good time the children were having.

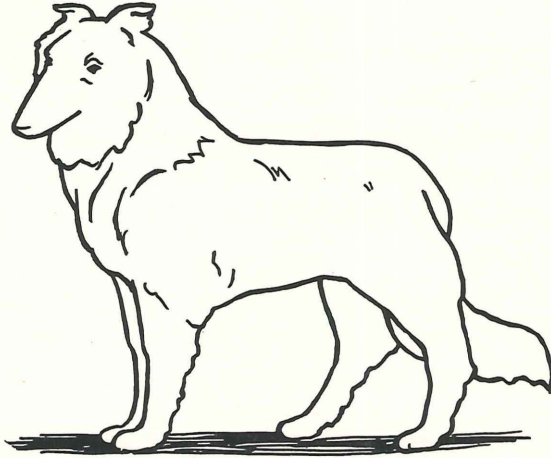
One of the girls said, "I am glad it rained today, for we have had fun here. Let's work on hobbies again some day soon."

Dick came up quietly to Aunt Madge and said, "Oh, I have learned so much about dogs today—a lot about collies, too." He held up a picture for her to see. It was



one he had made himself. "This is the kind of dog I would like to have for my very own," he said.

Aunt Madge looked at the piece of paper. Dick had made a good picture of Pal.



## A Cat Helps the Club

*J*UST as the Club members sat down quietly under the shade of the big tree in the back yard, they heard a noise behind the house.

"Woof, woof," came the bark of a big dog.

"Meow, meow, s-s-s," came the sound of a cat.

"Oh, look!" cried Betty. "That neighbor's dog is chasing my cat." Betty ran to help the cat. The other children watched to see if they could help. They saw a gray cat dash down the street and then a big brown dog run after the cat.

"Oh, my poor Kitty," cried Betty.

But right then the gray cat went up a tree. The dog stopped.

"Woof, woof," barked the dog.

"S-s-s, s-s-s," answered Kitty.

Allen said to Betty, "Your cat is safe now."

The children laughed. "Look at the cat! Did you ever see such a funny-looking animal? Her fur is standing out every way, and she looks twice as big as she did. See how high her back is!"

Aunt Madge came up to the children. "That is a queer-



"I won't let my feelings stand my nerves on end as Kitty let her fur stand on end when the dog ran her up the tree," said Dick.



looking cat right now," she said. "Kitty doesn't look as she did the last time I saw her. Then she was lying down on the mat, and she looked like a gray ball."

The boys made the dog go away, and Betty called her cat to come down from the tree.

Slowly the gray cat came down and climbed onto Betty's shoulder. Betty petted her, and in a few minutes Kitty's stand-up fur was down flat again. Soon Kitty was purring.

"I wonder what that cat looked like inside when she was scared," said one of the boys.

Aunt Madge said, "You would have seen a lot of things happening if Kitty had been made of glass so you could see her insides working. Her heart was working faster; more blood was going to her muscles. That was what helped her to run so fast."

Dick asked, "But what made the blood go fast? The blood in Kitty couldn't *see* the dog."

The children laughed, but Aunt Madge kept on talking. "No; Kitty's blood can't see. But Kitty has eyes and ears. These told Kitty's brain, and the brain told the heart and the blood. They all began to work fast. Her brain told the skin, and then Kitty's fur stood up straight to make her look large and brave. The brain told the muscles in Kitty's legs, and then she ran fast and climbed the tree to get away from the big, bad dog."

"Well," said Allen, "I never thought that so many things happened inside a cat when a dog barked."

Kitty crawled down from Betty's shoulder and began to mew. Betty ran into the house and brought her a dish of milk.

Kitty was drinking her milk, and the children were watching when the big, bad dog came running again. "Woof, woof," he barked.

At once Kitty stopped drinking. She turned up her back. Her fur stood out on end. "S-s-s, s-s-s," Kitty made a noise.

Allen made the dog run away.

"Now you may drink your milk," Betty said as she tried to rub down Kitty's stand-up fur.

Aunt Madge spoke. "If you could see Kitty's insides just now, you would see something very interesting. When her eyes and ears said 'dog,' then her brain said 'dog' to her stomach. At once her stomach stopped doing its work. Kitty was ready to run. See how slow she is to go back to her milk! She was upset."

The children watched as Kitty smelled her dish and began slowly to drink the milk.

"And that is the way it is with people," said Aunt Madge. "Fear and worry can upset our bodies. They can hurt our nerves and our stomachs. They upset our hearts so they do not pump the blood right. We do not feel well. When we do *not* worry or get mad, and when we *are* happy, our bodies can work better."

"Oh, look at Kitty now!" said one of the girls.

Kitty was curled up on one of the chairs, like a big round ball of fur. "I think she is purring," said Betty as she listened with her ear close to Kitty. "Yes, she is."

Aunt Madge said, "Kitty is happy and resting now. Her body is in good running order."

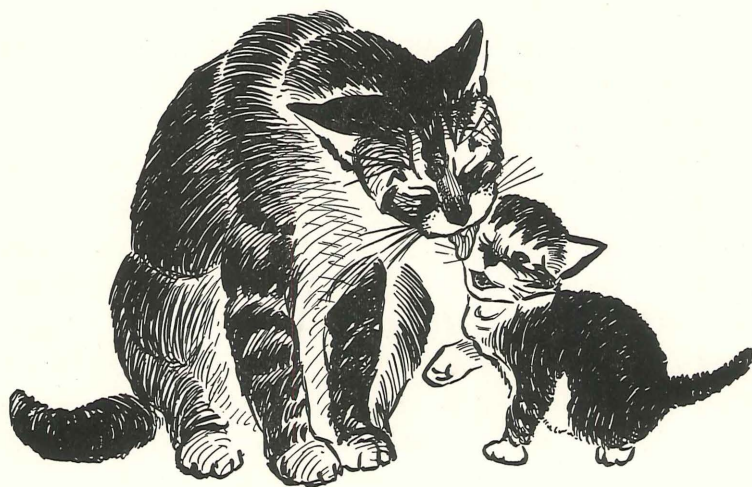
"I guess children should be happy like a purring cat," said Allen.

"Just remember, children," said Aunt Madge, "it is better to purr than to get angry. A person may learn not to give in to wrong feelings."

"I won't let my feelings stand my nerves on end, as Kitty let her fur stand on end," said Dick.

"We won't either," agreed the other children.

"Thank you, Kitty," said Aunt Madge as she petted the cat. "You have helped us today. We all want to keep our nerves purring."







H. M. LAMBERT

"Many grownups, and boys and girls, too, like to go to church. They enjoy learning and reading good things," said Aunt Madge.

## The Wonderful Gift

ALLEN and Betty were talking one evening, and Aunt Madge was listening. Allen said, "I keep thinking about Dick. He is so happy here with the Taylors—I do hope he can stay on."

Aunt Madge said, "He loves your dog. I wish he could have a dog for his very own."

Betty spoke up, "I have thought how nice it would be for the Club members to buy one for him. Mother says she knows where we could buy a dog that looks just like Pal. Oh, that would be a big surprise for Dick!"

Allen looked worried. He said, "I do wish we could find out if the Taylors plan to keep him. Then we could tell the children, and they would save money to buy the dog for Dick."

Aunt Madge said, "Maybe your mother could have a talk with Mrs. Taylor."

Allen's mother had been listening, and she said, "Yes, I think that is a good plan. I will go over soon."

That afternoon was the last meeting that Aunt Madge could be with the Club. The children were again sitting under the big tree in Allen's yard.



Dick came up to Aunt Madge and said, "Tell us something more today. Tell us something that you think we should all know about."

"All right," Aunt Madge smiled to him. "You have learned about stomachs and bones and eyes and ears—these are all wonderful parts of the body. But for a few minutes I want to have you talk about the most wonderful part of all. It is the brain. We should take good care of it."

Dick asked with a twinkle, "How can we do that? We can't brush it the way we do our teeth."

"No, we cannot brush our brains," she answered smilingly, "but we can keep our minds clean. I wonder, children, if you think of some ways that we can take good care of our minds."

Allen said, "Think good thoughts."

"Yes," Aunt Madge answered. "When we think good thoughts, our minds will be kept clean."

Betty spoke, "Don't fill our minds with trash!"

"Yes, that is surely true," Aunt Madge said. "If our minds are filled with trash, then there is not room for good thoughts. Can you think of anything that might be *trash* for our minds?"

"Reading funny papers," one boy said.

"I think you are right," she replied. "Most comic books are not good reading. We don't want to look at pictures that are not beautiful or are not helpful to us."

One girl said, "My mother says that many of the movies are trash."

Aunt Madge went on, "There are *good* and there are *bad* moving pictures. At school and in churches and in



your Health Club, we can show what is called 'educational moving pictures.' There are many good pictures on countries of the world, on birds and animals, and on how things are made. There are also moving pictures that are trash! They don't put good thoughts into our minds. They don't help us to live better lives. Seeing that kind of picture is like filling our brains with trash."

"We don't want to do that," the children said.

"What about radio and television?" Allen asked.

Aunt Madge answered, "Radio and television are something like moving pictures. Some things are good, and some are bad. When children listen to the bad radio stories, they are only filling their minds with trash and in that way they are harming their bodies. Sometimes children can't forget the exciting radio stories or can't go to sleep after they have heard a story. Sometimes it is hard for children to remember their school lessons, because they keep thinking of the radio stories. All these kinds of stories are trash."

"We don't want our minds filled with trash!" the children agreed.

"And there are many good things we can hear and see and think about," Aunt Madge went on. "There is much beautiful music. Listening to the right kind of music is good for our minds and hearts. There are many good hobbies to work with, and there are places like parks and zoos to visit."

"We like to do those things," Dick said.

"People need to feel happy. Children with healthy minds enjoy doing their schoolwork. They like to play with other children. They like to meet people and to make

friends. If things don't go just the way they would like—that is, if they can't have their own way all the time—they don't worry or get angry. They are happy anyway.

"Many people, and boys and girls, too, like to go to church. They enjoy learning and reading good things."

Several of the Club members said, "We go to church with our fathers and mothers."

"This is the way I look at life," Aunt Madge said. "I like to think that each of us has a wonderful gift. If a king should give each of us a gift, would we take good care of the gift?"

"Oh, yes, we would," the children were quick to answer.

"I like to think that each of us has been given the wonderful gift of his body. I sometimes say, 'I must take good care of my body. It is a gift to me.' "

Allen said, "I never thought of it that way before. I am glad you told us. I know that every Club member wants to take good care of his body."

Then it was time for Aunt Madge to leave. She shook hands with the Club members. "I am so proud of you," she said, "proud that each of you is keeping the rules of the Club. I am glad that you are part of the world-wide *Wings of Health Club*."

## A Surprise for Dick

ALLEN went to the gate and whistled for Dick. But Dick did not come out of his house. He whistled several times, but still Dick did not answer. Allen went back inside and waited for an hour. Then he whistled at the gate again, but still Dick did not come out.

He said to Betty, "I wonder where Dick is. He doesn't come when I call him. Oh, I wonder if they have sent him away!"

Betty was almost in tears.

Even after dinner they did not see anything of Dick. At last they could stand it no longer. Allen went to the telephone and called Mrs. Taylor. "We have not seen Dick all morning," he said. He almost held his breath while listening for what she would say. What if Dick had gone?

"Thank you for calling. Dick will be glad to know you have been thinking about him. He has a cold, and I thought it would be best to keep him in the house for a day or two."

"I hope he will soon be feeling all right," Allen said.



"By the way, Allen, Dick would so much like to see Pal. He has been talking about him all morning. Would you bring Pal over into the yard? You could walk by Dick's window. I wouldn't want you to come into his room, because you might catch his cold germs."

"Yes, Mrs. Taylor, I will come right over."

Allen called Pal to follow him, and they went to Dick's window. Pal barked and barked when he heard Dick's voice. "Hurry up and get well," Allen called. He could see Dick smiling from his bed.

Back at home, Allen talked to his mother. "I wish we could buy that dog for Dick," he said. "It would be such a good surprise. We could get the dog while Dick is in bed. But we still don't know if the Taylors plan . . ."

Mother smiled. "I was just going to talk to you about that. Mrs. Taylor told me that they are going to adopt Dick. They have been trying for a long time to get all the papers ready before they told him. Dick doesn't know it yet."

Allen was so happy. "Oh, I am going right now to see the members, and then we can buy the dog. What a surprise this is going to be!"

All that afternoon and all the next day, Betty and Allen were busy getting money from the Club members. Some of the fathers and mothers helped, too.

The next afternoon when it was time for Club meeting, Dick was well enough to come over.

Allen said, "Today we have a surprise for one of our Club members. He is a member who has been helpful and kind, and now we want to show how much we think of him by giving him something."

Dick did not know what Allen was talking about. Allen went to the door of the hobby house and opened it. He gave a low whistle. Out walked a tan collie.

Dick whispered, "Here, Pal, come and see me."

The dog waited by the hobby house and did not come to Dick. The boy wondered why Pal did not come to him.

"Here, Collie," Allen called to the dog. Then turning to Dick, he said, "You are the member we were talking about, Dick. We want to give you this collie." Allen led the dog to Dick.

Just then Pal came up to Allen, and Dick saw that there were two dogs. They looked much alike.

"Is he really mine?" Dick asked.

"Yes, Dick, he is yours. We Club members found a collie that looked like Pal, and we bought him for you."

Dick put his arms around the dog's neck and laid his face on the dog's hair. The dog pushed his nose up and touched Dick's ear.

Everything was very, very quiet. Dick couldn't say anything.

Allen said, "Now we can have a lot of good times together, Dick. You and your dog and Pal and I."

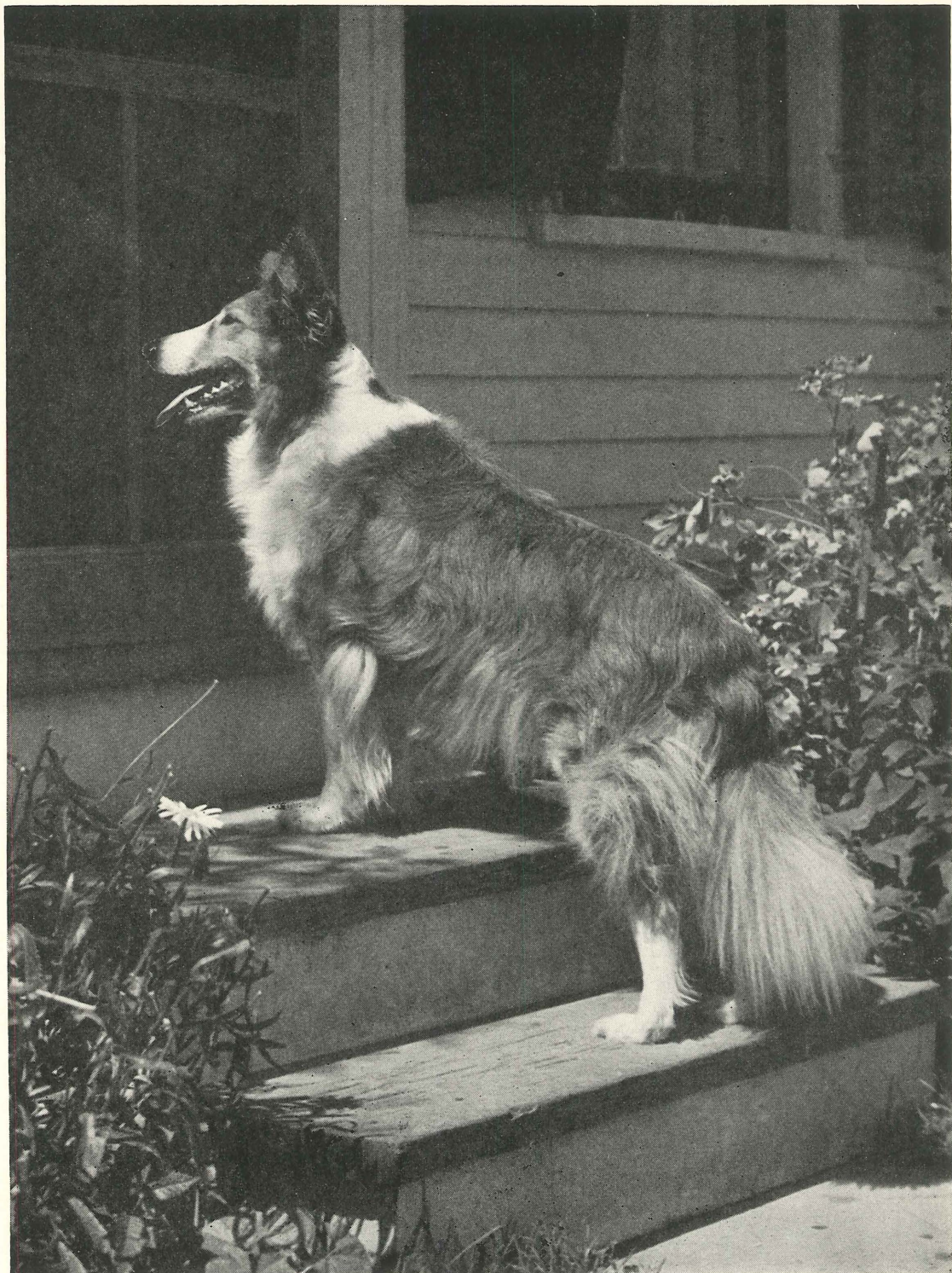
Then Dick looked up, and his eyes were full of tears. "Oh, thank you, thank you! I have never been so happy before. I want to run and show *them*." He ran toward the gate.

But the Taylors were already there. They had come out to meet him. They patted the dog and said, "What a beautiful collie!" Then turning to Dick, they told him, "Please come into the house with us. We want to tell you something."

The Club members looked at one another and smiled as they watched Dick walking between Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, and the collie trotting beside him.

Allen turned to Betty and said, "Dick is so happy about the dog, but just wait until the Taylors tell him that he is their very own boy now. He belongs to them."





H. A. ROBERTS

• Here is the dog the *Wings of Health Club* members gave to Dick. Isn't he a beauty?

## VOCABULARY

The vocabulary of FUN AND HEALTH has been carefully selected with regard to general and specific reading needs.

The following word list presupposes a familiarity with the 1,811 words used in *A Reading Vocabulary for the Primary Grades* by Arthur I. Gates.

This list includes seventy-three words which do not appear in the 1,811 words given in the vocabulary study made by Arthur I. Gates.

### Chapter 1

collie  
hobby

### Chapter 2

members  
address  
orphan

### Chapter 3

jingle

### Chapter 4

groom  
judges

### Chapter 5

trash  
prevention  
first aid

### Chapter 6

ashes  
electric  
extinguisher  
fire escape  
salve

### Chapter 7

germs  
garbage

## Chapter 8

chart

proteins

starches

mineral foods

salad

vitamins

tomatoes

cod-liver oil

pump

gallon

## Chapter 15

jellyfish

skeleton

muscles

ribs

elbow

wrist

## Chapter 10

sense

## Chapter 16

zoo

chewing

toothbrush

## Chapter 11

nerves

## Chapter 17

bars

stomach

digestion

## Chapter 12

brain

tube

washcloth

## Chapter 18

weak

dentist

## Chapter 13

camera

pupil

## Chapter 19

socks

## Chapter 14

chest

blood

lungs

## Chapter 20

gums



## Chapter 21

bugle  
happiness

## Chapter 22

raincoat  
pajamas  
underclothes  
sleeves

## Chapter 23

cardboard  
cigarettes  
tobacco  
alcohol

liquor

## Chapter 24

muscles  
scrapbook  
model  
carving

## Chapter 26

comic books  
movies  
television

## Chapter 27

adopt





